

INSIDE: TERROR ON THE TARMAC IN KARACHI

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 15, 1986

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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The Hottest Team in the Race

The Blue Jays'
Chase for
the Pennant

Right Fielder
Jesse Lee Barfield



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In defence of the North
Canadian military troops last week successfully completed Exercise Bear Line—a 150-million-air-and-sea-fifth-of forces and equipment to Norway. —Page 19



Movie masterpieces
Critics are hailing Quebec's film scene, particularly the stellar *The Defense of the American Empire*, which opened Toronto's Festival of Festivals last week. —Page 44

COVER

The hottest team in the race
The Toronto Blue Jays, led by Lloyd Mungo and the rest of a power-hitting outfield, are staging a dramatic challenge to this year's pennant drive. In the most closely fought race in major-league baseball's four divisions, the Blue Jays are pursuing the Boston Red Sox in an attempt to retain their title as champions of the tough American League East. —Page 26



Terror on the tarmac
For 17 hours last week four gunmen held 400 people hostage on a plane jet in Pakistan. By the end of the violent ordeal, 17 were dead—including one of the hijackers. —Page 44



Steely decisions at CN
It has been the very symbol of nation building, but now Canadian National is embarking on a program of slacking undivided facilities—and many jobs. —Page 22

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Makati's two-fisted chief

He is a reform-minded democrat and a crack shot with a .45-caliber automatic pistol. As the mayor of the suburban Makati municipality of Makati, Ejercito (Ejo) Binay leads members of his security squads in vicious gun battles with operators of car-theft rings and illegal gambling dens. But he also spends many more genteel evenings meeting among diplomats at the centre of town. Sometimes he uses his wealthy contacts to secure endorsements for municipal projects. Binay, appointed last spring by Philippines President Cor-

azon Aquino, is one of a new breed of tough but honest local politicians in a nation traditionally dominated by corruption at the local level. The pragmatic Binay, 43, defends his harsh, frequently heavily armed attacks on law breakers and influence peddlers. Said the mayor: "You just have to shove the bad elements you are prepared to stand and fight."

Although international attention has focused on Aquino's efforts to clean up national corruption left behind by the exiled Ferdinand Marcos, most experts say that reform is most badly needed at the local level. For years, municipalities had been run by local Marcos stooges, who repaired roads and built schools while ignoring the presence of gambling dens and strip clubs in exchange for lucrative payoffs. Since coming to power, Aquino has fired the country's most important local officials and replaced them with handpicked reformers loyal to her. One of the most trusted and valued is Binay. He is as important to the Aquino government that when pro-Marcos forces attempted to overthrow her government in July, Aquino brought him to the presidential palace to help put down the rebellion.

The urban reforms are most apparent in Makati. The satellite town encompasses two different worlds. Gleaming office towers stand at the centre, surrounded by heavily guarded, plush, two-story villas home to foreign diplomats and the nation's wealthy business class. Hinging the island of influence is a vast shantytown where Makati's poor live in shacks made of plywood, cardboard and corrugated iron. Often, these or four families share one dwelling.

The man overseeing that volatile combination of rich and poor is an uncommon success story. Orphaned early in life, he was raised by lower-middle-class relatives on the edge of Makati's shanty. He paid his way through law school at the University of the Philippines by selling newspapers and shilling shoes in the streets of Manila. Binay is definitely proud of his origins, calling himself a pure-blooded Filipino, unlike the more Spanish-Filipino "Mestizos" who have traditionally formed the country's ruling class. Former fellow residents view him as a negotiator who frequently reiterated his friends' doubts. Under the Marcos regime he became well-known as a brash right-winger and was imprisoned after Marcos declared martial law in 1972. During recent elections he was again threatened with arrest by the Marcos government because he served as a close adviser to Aquino.

As mayor, Binay says that he wants to break down the barriers to city hall

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that have alienated ordinary residents for decades. He frequently goes through the slums to "see the condition of areas" before handing off to breakfast strategy sessions with his political lieutenants. Then, he returns to the Municipal Hall to hold a "people's hour." Residents bring their complaints and requests, usually for jobs, police protection or funding for projects. Bray deals with less grotesque undertakings as well. Those include keeping the public toilets clean. Said the mayor: "You can tell if the administration cares by how clean the toilets are."

The new style of politics contrasts vividly with that of his Marxist-appointed, Nemanja Vukotic. The former executive died of a heart attack the day before Agimov took power. He had built a reputation for Makars as a tenacious man of corruption. During last February's presidential election, Vukotic's district leaders chased citizens scrutinizing out-of-polling places. Surprisingly, Bray has kept many of Vukotic's men on staff. "I believe in the loyalty of the stomach," he said. "Most of those people were just told what to do." But he has pursued the most corrupt officials, including the city engineer and chief accountant.

But the damage left behind by the Vukotic regime will be harder to repair. When he recently toured one school on an outlying neighborhood, Bray found overcrowded classrooms, broken seats, dimly wiring and a leaky roof. His aides said that the state of disrepair was a result of Vukotic's policies, which diverted scarce funds to his friends. And in a locked room nearby, Bray found valuable power tools and hardware supplies of little use to the school's pupils. "The old administration ordered this stuff from their friends," Bray said, adding that they "overhauled the city and pocketed the difference. Now it sits wasted and the system is broke."

Cheerfully, cleaning up Makars will not be an easy task. Lacking the resources for an immediate sweep of long-standing criminal activities, the new mayor says that for the time being he will have to tolerate strip shows run by military officers. But he says that his assistants have told local contractors to stop offering Bray payoffs in exchange for building project contracts. Bray acknowledges that governing a city is far more difficult than leading street demonstrations against the Marcos government. But he added that his beliefs "have given me a sense of respect for the people's rights, for the justice that needs to be done."

—LEN WEINMANN in Manila

COLUMN

Blood on British hands

By Barbara Amiel

Last spring an important new book was published, written by the respected historian Nikolai Tolstoy. His book, *The Massacre and the Massacres*, is concerned with all the war that is the history of 1945, from British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's bombing of 70,000 men, women and children in an occupied and death-ordered Stalin and Tito, and that he did so in wilful violation of international rules of war and pollution agreed upon by the Allies. If Tolstoy's charges are true, Harold Macmillan would be one of the major war criminals of the Second World War.

Harold Macmillan's silence on these charges is one of the reasons for the existence of Tolstoy's book. When Tolstoy was researching an earlier book, *The Victims of Hitler*, he wrote a note to his editor, "Please return to Tito where they faced a bloodbath that I think has not been equalled for brutality in the modern world. Tens of thousands were slaughtered in a long, painful process. The unfortunate victims were strung together with wire and beaten, shot, sometimes burned alive, in a huge pit in the forest of Kosicev Rog. It could take a man a week to die."

Why did the British army hand these people over when official government policy was not to return them to the East? The answer, according to Tolstoy's investigation, is that Harold Macmillan instructed it. Why? That we will never know until Macmillan chooses to speak or an investigation determines responsibility. There is no way that a non-expert like myself can assess the evidence. All one can say is that there appears to be a very strong case against him. The notable lack of interest in pursuing it is likely caused by the fact that Macmillan is still very well liked and because East Europeans, unlike Jews, do not have a cohesive lobby. They are uncharitable victims, generally thought of as evitable people with an obsession with finding Reds under every stone.

The second group that came to the British army in Austria for sanctuary was made up of hundreds of thousands of Yugoslavs who were fleeing Marshal Tito. Hitler's invasion of Yugoslavia ended the reign of King Peter II. With the royal family in exile, two groups made Yugoslavia fight Hitler—the old royalists supporters (the Chetniks) and the Comintern partisans of Tito. But the two groups not only fought Hitler, they also fought one another. By the end of the war it was clear that Tito had won the civil war, and refugees

were afraid of his brutality fled to the British lines.

None of the Yugoslav refugees fell under the Yalta Agreement. Among them were the Czech refugees who had been saving British soldiers before the German invasion of Yugoslavia. There were anti-Soviets who had happily put on a German uniform as collaborators with the Third Reich, but returned home as they could not be referred back to the Soviets.

There were also young girls, grandparents, peasants with babies in their arms and pregnant mothers. They were a people ravaged by war and political terror, with a patriotic belief in British decency and the ideals of the West, searching for sanctuary. But all of them were returned to Tito where they faced a bloodbath that, I think, has not been equalled for brutality in the modern world. Tens of thousands were slaughtered in a long, painful process. The unfortunate victims were strung together with wire and beaten, shot, sometimes burned alive, in a huge pit in the forest of Kosicev Rog. It could take a man a week to die.

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The Second World War was one of the few wars that was fought for certain principles. Among these principles was the belief that it was wrong to massacre men, women and children. Among these principles was the belief in the Geneva Convention and Christian-Judeo ideals of right and wrong. For the Allies to turn around and hand over 70,000 people to slaughter before the war had even started makes a travesty of all for which our fathers died. We see the dead an investigation and the living the truth.

Thunder out of the North

The fleets of fighter aircraft advanced out of the brilliant, clear blue sky, shattering the tranquillity of the high Arctic. For six days last week the aeronautical silence of rugged, snowcapped Jotunheimen Mountain in northern Norway, 400 km above the Arctic Circle, yielded to the cacophony of man and machine—Eskimos, Bruce Linn, leading Canada's largest movement of troops and supplies to Europe since the Second World War. Among Norwegians, the thinly populated Troms county is best known for its salmon fishing and ski trails. But among the Norwegian F-16 and Canadian CF-18 fighter jets that traversed the 69th parallel, Troms is a vital strategic line of Western defense, lying just four minutes' flying time from Soviet airspace.

Last week's operation was the first attempt by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) to determine whether the Canadian Air/Sea Transportable (CAST) Brigade could live up to its 15-year-old commitment to support Norwegian defenses in times of crisis. By week's end, in 5,000 Canadian troops prepared for joint exercises with Norwegian forces, military officials from both countries enthusiastically called the mission a success. Said Brig.-Gen. James Germain, of Normand, Que., head of the CAST Brigade: "The fact that we are doing this exercise is an indication that our commitment to Norway is no longer merely paper. It's a reality."

Almost two years in planning, the \$20-million air- and sea-lift was Canada's most ambitious exercise in the decade. A combination of military and civilian ships and planes successfully moved one-third of the nation's army to Norway within the delivery limit imposed by NATO strategists. Among the 15,000 tons of equipment shipped across the Atlantic, 27 helicopters, 1,300 vehicles and ammunitions ranging from knives and forks to rifles and anti-aircraft recorders—to entertain the troops during waiting periods. Said Germain: "Once we are there, we are an effective deterrent to any Soviet aggression."

Eskimo Bruce Linn formally began on Aug. 12 when Ottawa—in a simulated cabinet meeting—ordered the Brigade to Norway in response to a request from the Norwegian government and army. Within days merchant-



Unloading Canadian Forces equipment in Norway (left and above): high profile

ships began loading 2,400 planes of ships began loading 2,400 planes of equipment for transport to the natural deep-water port of Sørreisa, on the Finnmarken, 1,100 km north of Oslo, the Norwegian capital. By Aug. 25 the ships had arrived, after negotiating the fjords of Norway's western coast. Over the next five days, Brigade crews—most of whom are stationed at Valdez, Que.—were flown to the northern Norwegian airport at Bardufoss. In mid-September, the Brigade will join Norwegian troops in Exercise Bar Fastic—a war games designed to gauge Canadian troops' exposure to the rough northern terrain. Said Maj.-Gen.

Hjørn Grønbæk, commander of Norwegian forces in the North: "It's crucial to have a chance to fight alongside our neighbor on the terrain we would have to defend."

For Oslo, the CAST commitment is a key component of Norway's defense policy. With a small population (four million), the country's armed forces have to rely on conscription of men between 19 and 44, who serve 18- to 15-month tours. Although 90 percent of Norway's inhabitants live in the South, one-third of the country's 20,000 troops are stationed in the North, facing heavily armored Soviet

forces based in the Kola Peninsula. The two nations share a 195-km common border. And because northern Norway lies along the shortest flight path between the central Soviet Union and North America, the front is one of NATO's foremost warning postures for long-range bombers or intercontinental ballistic missiles. Norwegian ports and airfields also control areas in North Atlantic seaways and would be needed to protect Western shipping from Soviet submarines based at Murmansk.

Most military analysts regard northern Norway as a vital strategic asset, but they are sharply divided over whether Canada's cast commitment is an effective deterrent against possible

Navy establishment since its formation in 1957. One former adviser to then-prime minister Lester Pearson told Maclean's that the cast commitment was symbolic—designed to reflect concern from Ottawa's decision to reduce the number of troops stationed in Europe. But George Ignatieff, Canada's ambassador to NATO during the cold war, said that Ottawa and Oslo had a common interest in protecting the North. Added Ignatieff: "Canadian troops stood out by a mile as the best equipped to deal with northern defense."

Still, the time needed to ferry troops to Norway concerns many observers. Said one senior Canadian naval officer, now retired: "We would never get

But Canadian forces say that the exercise would tie up badly needed resources.

A more urgent issue is whether the cast commitment should be maintained at all. Canada spends only 2.2 per cent of its gross domestic product on defense, the second-lowest allocation among the 30 NATO countries. And because Canada attempts to fill diverse tasks—peacemaking missions in the Middle East and a mobile role in central Europe—many officers contend that the forces are spread too thinly. The CAST airfield alone deployed 30 of Canada's 38 Hercules transport planes. Admitted Lt.-Col. Daniel Christie of Barrie, Ont., who commanded one support battalion in Bardufoss: "The travelling road show is all snake and mirrors. The truth is that the blanket is not big enough to fit the bed."

Logical problems are just one area that defence planners will address in a long-delayed federal white paper on defense, planned by the Tories during the 1984 election campaign. Canada has not revised its defense policy since 1971, and most military observers say that the new white paper should determine whether cast becomes Canada's principal contribution to NATO—or is abandoned. Said Germain: "We would get as much or more benefit out of our limited resources by coming to Norway than going anywhere else."

Other scheduled NATO exercises this month underscore the strategic significance of the northern flank. While Canadian troops were unloading Soviet equipment, 200 U.S. marines practiced an amphibious landing on a picturesque beach at Agripark, just 40 km east of Bardufoss. The US operation produced the marines' only casualty: eight marines died when their helicopter crashed.

Despite the chaos imposed by military convoys which clog up local traffic and waylay residents near Bardufoss, the exercise was a success. The presence of Soviet forces and accompanying military aircraft gave defense forces a high profile in Norway. Said Hildegunn Mæløy, a widow whose two sons served in the Norwegian air force: "We still remember the German occupation, and it is horrible to think of the Soviets coming here. It is necessary to have Canadian forces in the area where they would have to help us."

And Norwegian military officers said a Canadian withdrawal of its cast commitment would be a serious setback to the West's defense. Said Col. Olaf Fossengard, a general of the Norwegian military: "The best way for Canadians to defend Canada is to defend northern Norway."

There is time. The only saving grace is that young Canadian men would not die. One obvious solution is to pre-position equipment so that troops could be moved directly to the front. Although Norwegian defense policy prohibits the storing of foreign troops on its soil, the nation's military planners have been pressing for an increase in pre-positioned equipment.



BRUCE WALLACE in Bardufoss



Mulroney with Bourassa at the premier's Guttmann home, repairing the damage

Plans for a new start

The party was lavish, but the 300 Quebec Conservatives who gathered in Montreal's Memphrémagog Hotel last week to mark the second anniversary of Brian Mulroney's electoral triumph, did not celebrate too long. The Prime Minister stayed only briefly at the reception, then hurried back to Ottawa to join his wife, Mila, and four children at a birthday celebration for their one-year-old son, Nicolas. Before he left, however, Mulroney delivered a partisan pep talk which reflected both the characterizing experience of two years as power and his determination to re-establish himself as a leader. "It's not Brian Mulroney," he said. "It's Brian Mulroney. If we have had a few moments of triumph, if we've had a few moments of frustration, it's because we have what we will get over those."

Meanwhile, Conservative strategists were assembling a legislative agenda for the speech from the throne on Oct. 1—and seeking ways to bolster the party's sagging public image. As Tory ministers mended political fences in Montreal last week, Mulroney met with Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa. The subject, whether to launch formal negotiations to bring Quebec into the constitutional accord, A decision is expected before Christmas. Then the Prime Minister led a day-long cabinet meeting to discuss new initiatives—among them, plans to ease regional inequalities. But despite these efforts, political problems continued to plague the government. In Ottawa, Commons Speaker John Bailey resigned—the victim of an apparent plot by Mulroney's

office to force his removal (page 16). The fall agenda will be built around trade tax reform, federal-provincial harmonies and, especially, regional equality, a major component of the speech from the throne. A new paper mill will be set up in Malartic. Que. And there will be large-scale help for hard-pressed grain farmers. Ottawa is also considering proposals to improve access to day care facilities and to increase employment opportunities for women. Complicated tax issues: "The recovery has been truly uneven."

At the same time, Tory political strategists were muddying the government's image problems. Private party officials show that Mulroney trade chief Ed Broadbent in all categories of voter perception, including trustworthiness and competence. The Conservative answer is to emphasize cabinet teamwork and put Mulroney into situations where he performs well, such as radio open-line shows. Strategists say that the appointment of INTRUST Savings Camp as adviser to the Privy Council Office will help the government assert itself. But many Tories are still sceptical. "The younger Conservatives can't believe the gulf Mulroney made in putting Camp on the public payroll," one senior consultant said. "Mulroney: 'It is everybody in this city is talking about'."

MARY JANE LEE with RELAY MACLENNAN in Ottawa and MICHAEL ROSE in Montréal

Strikes from sea to sea

From Newfoundland to British Columbia, it was a week of rising labor unrest. In Thunder Bay, Ont., a shutdown of grain handling began after 20 months of failed negotiations. At St. John's, Nfld., striking public servants and postal workers struggled with police, returning demonstrators that began last March. And two other previously disputed remained unsettled: a three-month lockout by garment workers in St. John's and a seven-week strike by forestry workers in British Columbia. But the four disputes had one thing in common: hard bargains on both sides of the negotiating table.

In Thunder Bay, about half of Canada's annual grain exports are produced by six elevator operators. But after about 500 haulers struck the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool last week, seeking higher wages—the other five operators locked out another 1,000 workers, effectively blocking export of 35 million tons of grain. Many western farmers face sliding international grain prices after two years of drought; were damaged. Said Neville Sasek, farmer Michael Malpique: "A day last night might mean a sale lost, and Canada isn't afford that."

In British Columbia, selective strikes by the 30,000-member International Woodworkers have won the province's 40-million-dollar forest industry a 10% pay increase. About 1,600 estate workers have settled with their employers, but the remainder are still holding companies that insist on continuing cut work to maximize profits. In Alberta, the United Food and Commercial Workers, representing 18,000 Gainers employees, reopened negotiations—with company owner Peter Pucklington at the table for the first time. Not by week's end, no progress had been reported.

The same spirit of gloom was evident at St. John's. Five months ago the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees staged a five-week illegal strike, demanding wage parity with other employees holding similar jobs. But many Tories are still sceptical. "The younger Conservatives can't believe the gulf Mulroney made in putting Camp on the public payroll," one senior consultant said. "Mulroney: 'It is everybody in this city is talking about'."

© MARY JANE LEE with RELAY MACLENNAN in Ottawa and MICHAEL ROSE in Montréal



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Silencing the Speaker

It started with criticism of his job performance. Parliament had become unruly and the daily Question Period had turned into a squalid free-for-all. Then, last spring there were stories about his expense accounts—and his appetite for the good life. Finally, suddenly abandoned, Conservative sources last week said that John Bosley, Speaker of the House of Commons, would soon accept a diplomatic assignment overseas. For Bosley, 39, the signals were unmistakable: the Mulroney government wanted him to step down. Late last week, in an attempt east to his hometown two-part series, Bosley complained, subtitled "A Terrible Second Letter of Resignation," in the House of Commons' weekly *CBC Newsline*.

But after Bosley and his wife, Natalie, elbowed into a waiting limousine outside the private door to the Speaker's office and distributed a two-page letter of resignation, "The House of Commons," Bosley wrote, "is in a crisis of our own making. Resolving this self-respect of Parliament requires both a fundamental change of methods and a catalyst." Clearly, observers said later, Bosley believed his own departure would provide the catalyst. For Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, Bosley's resignation from the \$110,000-a-year job complemented this summer's sweeping attempt to improve the government's image. It may also have been a response to repeated complaints from Tory MPs who had been angered by the way Bosley handled the business of the House. But opposition MPs immediately attacked the events as an unprecedented infringement of the traditional independence of the Speaker. And the swiftness of Bosley's exit raised the possibility that the government's attempts to make a fresh start will be overshadowed by another controversy.

Terror on the tarmac

The terror began in the pre-dawn darkness at Karachi's airport as one of the last bands of passengers was sleepily boarding Pan Am Flight 73 for the second leg of an 18-hour journey from Bombay to New York. Suddenly, door men, two dressed as airport security guards, breached screens of office and grenades—and sprayed the passengers with bullets. As the passengers dove for cover, the gunmen roared on board the aircraft and imprisoned almost 400 hostages—including seven Canadians and 40 Americans. They demanded a flight to Cyprus—and freedom for pro-Palestinian terrorists on jail there. But 17 hours later, as the bargaining continued, the lights of the aircraft suddenly dimmed—and in the terror of darkness the gunmen spent fire on their prisoners. After a 16-minute wait, Pakistani commandos stormed the plane, killing one of the gunmen and capturing the others.

The toll of last week's bloodiest terrorist attack was high: 15 passengers died in the crashes and 120 were wounded. Above all, there were tragic scenes of children splattered with blood and hanging helplessly from their parents' arms. Aftermath questions for two groups immediately claimed responsibility: the Jundallah Organization, a pro-Iranian Moslem group active in Lebanon, and the previously unknown Libyan Revolutionary Cells. One of the captured gunmen shouted to passersby as he was dragged from the aircraft, "I am from Lebanon—I am a Palestinian." Pakistani intelligence officials said that the gunmen were Palestinians. But spokesman for Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasser Arafat denied responsibility.

The incident led to a dangerous deterioration in the already deeply frayed relations between Libya and the United States. Two weeks ago top U.S. administration officials claimed that Libya was planning a new wave of terrorist attacks in Europe. The Pentagon, in turn, was reportedly preparing a strategy for large-scale retaliatory bombing of Libya. If the attacks took place. At the same time, America's United Nations ambassador, Vernon Walters, toured European capitals to get support for increased economic sanctions against Libya.

That Libya was planning a new wave of terrorist attacks in Europe? The Pentagon, in turn, was reportedly preparing a strategy for large-scale retaliatory bombing of Libya. If the attacks took place. At the same time, America's United Nations ambassador, Vernon Walters, toured European capitals to get support for increased economic sanctions against Libya.

garrison." Secretary of State George Shultz declared that "American resolve, backed by our power, will eventually rid the world of such incidents."

In another terrorist attack on the weekend, two gunmen claiming to be members of South Lebanon's Islamic Jihad movement stormed a mosque in Istanbul, Turkey, during Friday prayers. Gunfire and grenade explosions killed 20 people and injured 100, said a news agency.

A statement telephoned to an international news agency said that the "martial operation" was staged in retaliation for Israeli attacks on Lebanese villages.

In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Joe Clark reported that he had appointed a diplomatic representative in Karachi to assist the injured Canadian. They included three people from Toronto who were in a Karachi hospital: Takashiro Dooh, 35; Aarif Galalzai, 35; and Sajid Galalzai, 26. Clark added that Canada had prepared a resolution for the sponsoring several International Civil Aviation Organization that would set stringent airport security obligations for member nations.

The attack began just before daybreak at Karachi International Airport as the jumbo jet stopped to park up passengers before flying on to Frankfurt and New York. At about 5 a.m. four men, using a rented van disguised as an airport security vehicle, drove up the airport ramp and approached the aircraft. Two of the men were dressed as security officers. The terrorists chose their timing carefully. The Karachi airport passed recent U.S. government security inspections with high marks and, following an announcement by the U.S. Federal Aviation Administration earlier this month, had raised the alert level to the increased threat—that they are the imminent victims of mindless violence and its conse-



Wounded passengers after the raid (left and above); the Guilmans (below), a ransom call for stronger security

quence. The airport authority and the local government, as well, they attacked on Friday, the Muslim holy day, which is widely observed.

The first attack was brief, startling and brutal. As the passengers walked up the aircraft steps, the gunmen opened fire with Soviet-made automatic weapons. About 30 of the passengers scattered in terror away from the plane as the gunman pushed past them and sped up the stairs. Two baggage handlers and a passenger were wounded.

As the gunmen headed, they suffered a critical setback. An alert cabin attendant telephoned the cockpit from the passenger section to warn the crew. The pilot, copilot and engineer—all American—immediately sped up the emergency landing and slid down the 25 feet to the tarmac on special wires equipped with stirrup-like handles.

The crew's action was controversial. Some terrorism experts sensed more of abandoning their passengers, but others and they had effectively grounded the plane, making possible a commando-style rescue. At Pan Am headquarters in New York, chief exec officer Martin Shagras defended the action. "The commanders of the



of head wounds in hospital. An Indian born in Kenya, he had moved to the United States eight years ago. He had become a US citizen only last month—and had promptly flown to Kenya to bring his grandfather and aunt for a visit. The two women were

also on the plane—and they survived. Said his cousin, Dr Patel, also a Canadian resident: "He wanted to show them a free country, a free life."

Nearly 12 hours after the passengers took over the aircraft, the first terrorist negotiator, a man identified as Pan Am representative and later Pakistani officials. The gunman demanded an Arab-speaking crew to fly the plane to Larnaca, Cyprus. They also asked for freedom for pro-Palestinian guerrillas in jail in Cyprus. That group likely included three men convicted of murdering two Israeli men and a woman aboard the yacht First at Larnaca earlier in September, 1985. As negotiations stalled, officials in Cyprus said that they would not allow the plane to land.

Meanwhile, Pakistani officials told the hijackers that a cockpit crew was flying to Karachi from Frankfurt—and two of the terrorists' demands passed without incident.

On board the aircraft, the situation was becoming hot. The gunmen had taken the hostages from their seats in the air while they collected their passports. Said Jacky Shah, 13, of Los Angeles: "At first they said they wouldn't kill anybody if nobody waved. We thought, 'a man who can play with kids cannot harm us.'"

While the passengers were

Temporary respite, a crisis team gathered at the U.S. state department to monitor information. The Pan Am president was the first hijacking of an American plane since the dramatic 16-day capture of a U.S. aircraft by two Lebanese Shiites Muslim gunmen in June, 1985. The Pentagon ordered the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* out of port in Naples into a position near Cyprus. For its part, presidential spokesman Larry Speakes said that Washington would investigate any links between the terrorists and foreign governments.

In Canada, External Affairs set up a

special task force to monitor the events. Vice-Chancellor Bruce Macleay flew from the Pakistani capital of Islamabad to Karachi, a port on the Arabian Sea, to report on the situation and then visit the survivors. At the same time, the families of the Canadian hostages watched the crisis with growing fear. Tarek and Juhda Galanias spent last Friday in front of their television, trying to discover the fate of their son Aarif and daughter-in-law Shamsia Bhutto. Both had been married last May and were returning from a honeymoon in India

and Pakistan. By late evening, Aarif's parents discovered that both of the passengers were wounded and recovering in a Karachi hospital. Said Jubaid Galanias: "As long as I do not hear my son's voice, I will be upset."

In Karachi, Gov. noor Tarzani, the Deozi family was worried about *Thakur Singh* Doctor No, one of the injured Canadians just released from a Karachi hospital. The businessman acts as an agent for Indian textile firms, and was last seen in Pakistan on a month-long business trip. His family—wife Begum, 36, and 10-year-old son and 10-month daughter-in-law, Renu, 20—were horrified when they heard that commandos had stormed the plane and passengers were dead. As Rajpal said: "Everyone was in tears—you just can't realize that it is happening to you."

On board the aircraft, the hostages' situation was growing more desperate. After 11 hours of operation, the plane's generator, which powered the lights, ran out of fuel. When the plane plunged into darkness, Pakistani commandos shot at the bright lights of the nearby terminal. Then, as chief aviation director-general Khushdil Asrar Mirza later recounted, "our chopper started moving."

But the terrorists vanished in the darkness. They beat off many of the passengers to the floor of the aircraft. Then, according to some of the hostages, they prayed before throwing grenades at the passengers and spraying them with bullets. Some passengers managed to escape through a broken door and got out using an escape slide. But the confusion and the shooting were devastating. Renowned Republic Shah, travelling from Los Angeles with her two-year-old son, "I just knew my boy down the chute. It was horrifying," added Angela Banman from Milan. "When they gathered us together with no light and no air and started machine-gunning us, we thought, 'We are dead.' There, the commandos stormed the plane. In the resulting confusion, some were injured.

One of the survivors was killed in the commando attack. Two were captured almost immediately. Another, in plainclothes, attempted to sneak through the terminal with the survivors. He was apprehended when many of the passengers pointed and shouted, "He's a terrorist." Many of the dead and maimed victims were still onboard the shattered aircraft as the three terrorists were rushed to prison. They left behind the question of who they were—and why they had killed.

—MARY JAVIERIAN with MORAL UNDERWOOD in Tehran, ROBERT MCGOWAN in Ottawa, MARY HEDDERLEY in Washington, D.C., and ERIC HERMAN in Vienna and correspondent reporter

THE SOVIET UNION

Nightmare at sea

Hundreds of the 888 passengers who escaped back aboard the Soviet cruise ship *Admiral Nakhimov* on Sunday, Aug. 21, were citizens from the Ukraine, perhaps seeking to shun the nightmare of last April's Chernobyl nuclear disaster. At 10:30 p.m., Capt. Valerii Mironov cast off, and the 17,000-ton vessel, her lights ablaze, set sail from the Black Sea port of Novorossiysk for the resort city of Sochi on the next leg of a six-day cruise. Pettyfogging minutes earlier and only nine miles offshore, while passengers dined on deck, the vessel was struck amidships by the 30,000-ton freighter carrying *Pyrat Vasyev*. The *Vasyev* sank in 15 minutes at 354 feet of water. Dead or missing and presumed drowned were 389 of those aboard—125 passengers and 68 crew members. None of the crew members aboard the *Pyrat Vasyev* were injured. But the tragedy ranked as the second-worst passenger disaster at sea since the Spanish steamer *Vallarta* went down off the Florida coast Sept. 8, 1912, with the loss of 500 lives.

In a striking departure from their traditional practice of withholding information about major domestic disasters, Soviet officials and newspapers provided detailed accounts of the *Nakhimov*'s sinking. Leontii Nedyal, deputy minister of the maritime fleet ministry, told a Moscow news conference that the *Vasyev* struck the ocean liner on the starboard side between the engine room and the boiler room and, generally speaking, "ripped the ship open." A major rescue attempt was mounted as reports of the disaster spread. Meanwhile, both captains survived and have been taken into custody pending an investigation.

Soviet newspapers prominently featured the dramatic stories told by surviving passengers and crew members. According to the government newspaper *Izvestia*, the *Nakhimov*'s helmsman, identified only as Stepanov, said that the ship's departure from Novorossiysk was normal and that "everything went well." When the *Nakhimov*'s crew sighted the *Vasyev* in the distance the duty officer sent out a radio signal. Then, said Stepanov, "we took a bearing. From the bearing, we realized that the ship was to cross our path." The *Vasyev*'s reply was reassuring: It was, "Don't worry. We shall alter course of each other. We shall do what is needed." But several minutes later, recalled Stepanov, the *Nakhimov*'s crew realized that the freighter



Above: 'People are at fault'

had not changed direction and sent out another radio signal. Shortly after, he said, "I saw the dry-cargo ship approaching into our route. They worked the searchlight but it was too late." According to the newspaper *Sotsialisticheskaya Rossiya*, "The freighter was visible in the dark eyes of the Admiral Nakhimov all the time."

The passengers apparently did not realize what was about to happen. *Kommersantovye Novosti* reported that some people were getting ready for bed while "others went on deck where a band was already playing." The paper added, "Nothing prepared the tragedy which occurred at 11:15 p.m. *Pyrat Vasyev* is to say that everything happened in a flash."

Rescuers pulled the survivors from the relatively warm waters of the Black Sea. Alena Pashinskaya, as a honeymoon cruise with her husband, Yuri, told *Izvestia* that they had been trying to go to sleep when the collision occurred. "It was very frightening," she said. "Everything went out from under our feet. I am a terrible coward and therefore screamed. Yuri was shocked. He immediately realized what we do. Found life jackets and helped me. We slipped right overboard."

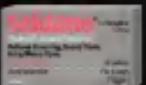
As the *Nakhimov* began sinking, survivors on the *Pyrat Vasyev* began a

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frantic rescue operation. They were helped by the crew of a nearby pilot launch, coast guards on board patrol craft, helicopters, and residents of Novosibirsk. Up to 60 vessels were involved in the operation. One rescuer told *Aventris*, "The water was covered by a layer of fuel oil and paint. People, exhausted, were often unable even to slap the hand of their rescuer and some jumped into the waters to save people." Said another rescuer, "We tried to take women and children out of the water first. I remember three girls, scared, stained with fuel oil, who

sail Nakhimov, named after the naval commander who defended Sevastopol against the British during the Crimean War in 1854 and 1855. The cruise ship was built in 1895 at the Vulkan shipyard in Bremen, Germany, as a steam-powered transatlantic liner—later converted to diesel—and was originally christened the Berlin. After the German navy commanded it during the Second World War, the ship saw service as a hospital and as a Baltic Sea transport. In 1944 the Berlin became a Red Cross ship carrying refugees westward away from the advancing Red



The Admiral Nakhimov, for the passengers, "everything happened in a flash"

army. On Feb. 1, 1946, the vessel struck a Soviet mine and sank near the Baltic port of Swinemuende—with no record of casualties. In 1946 the Soviets raised the ship, refit it and renamed it, and during the 1950s it was the flagship of the Soviet Black Sea ocean fleet. Some Soviet sources claimed that the Nakhimov had a history of problems. But at the Moscow news conference Nedryk said that although the Nakhimov was old, it was "in good working condition." And he added, "Yesterday the ships are not at fault and people are at fault."

Special planes and trains were marshaled to take the survivors home. But those who were residents of Moldavia, on the Romanian border, faced additional problems. Earthquakes had rocked the region, killing at least one person. Victor Lebedkin of the Moldavian Communist Party Central Committee said that 40,000 houses and 1,000 schools and colleges were damaged in the second tremor, some beyond repair. Hundreds of miles of water pipes and power and communications cables were also destroyed or damaged.

But the quakes were overshadowed by the tragedy of the 375-foot Adm-

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CN's steely decisions

Their plastic yellow hard hats have become a symbol of their anger—and desperation. Two weeks ago in Fredericton, employees from Canadian National's Moncton, N.B., repair shop tossed dozens of hard hats onto the hood and under the wheels of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's limousine as he began a tour of the area. The workers were protesting the potential loss by next year of 487 high-piping jobs when CN transferred ownership of part of the facility to Canadian General Electric Co. Ltd. Last week about 1,000 demonstrators continued the protest outside the Steel Bonanza in downtown Moncton, where seven federal cabinet ministers were holding Atlantic Focus, a two-day conference on regional economic development. But Federal Transport Minister John Crosbie—who accepted a hard hat from the peaceful but noisy crowd—affirmed the protesters' little hope. The minister said that he would review CN's decision to sell the shop. But, he added, CN "was not created to overcome the problems of regional disparity."

Over the next several years, dozens of communities across Canada will experience the same kind of dislocation. With nine divisions, CN's difficulties include railways, ports, real estate, telecommunications and energy exploration. But it is the Canadian Rail operations that provide the bulk of revenue—\$37 billion of total revenues of \$55 billion in 1986—and that are central to management's concerns. Indeed, the transportation conglomerate is facing a serious financial crisis as it carries a \$5.5-billion debt—most of it borrowed to finance Canadian Rail's

capital expenditures and cover its operating losses. And the all-important rail division is experiencing a decline in freight volume—primarily in bulky commodities such as wheat and coal—which is its mainstay. It is also losing

But in its attempt to shed employees and little-used branch lines—one-third of CN's lines carry only one per cent of the business—CN faces problems that are both political and economic. Many Canadians still view nostalgically the



CN's freight-car repair shop in Moncton, N.B., pillow-holds hats and new attention to the bottom line

more and more loads to trucks and privatized U.S. rail carriers.

To compete, the company plans to eliminate 14,000 jobs over several years—10,000 of them from Canadian Rail. And the company wants to shut down at least one-third of its 32,000 km of track. Delekaur Maurice LeClair, CN's chairman and chief executive officer, "The crisis is not five years from now. It is now."

In corporate terms, CN has embarked on a major program to refocus its size-

railroads' historical role as a nation builder. "The railway is, for many Canadians, a precious link to a proud past," said LeClair.

CN's attempts to alter shape, from a sprawling giant into a smaller, more efficient railroad, will severely test the federal Conservative policy of permitting Crown corporations to act as profit-making businesses. The government is allowing the Crown to move away from its traditional role as instruments of economic and social develop-

ment. Last week Crosbie said that although the government could instruct CN to keep the Moncton shop open, that would nullify the company's ability to negotiate. "The government does not manage us," Crosbie declared.

But in Moncton and many other parts of Canada, taxpayer-owned CN is regarded as a job-provider, job-saver and source of pride. The Moncton Save Our Shop (SOOS) committee, formed a year ago and made up of municipal, business and union representatives, presented a brief to the Atlantic Provinces conference pointing out that with 1,022 employees, CN's Moncton Shop facility was the area's largest single industrial employer. Among its recommendations, the brief, presented by SOOS chairman Paul Daigle, general manager of the Moncton regional development commission, urged the government and CN to provide funds to encourage new industry to the area to replace the jobs.

A submission to the conference by the 800-member Conseil économique du Nouveau-Brunswick, which represents francophone businesses, said that cutting 400 jobs in Moncton was equivalent to eliminating 10,000 jobs in Montreal or Toronto.

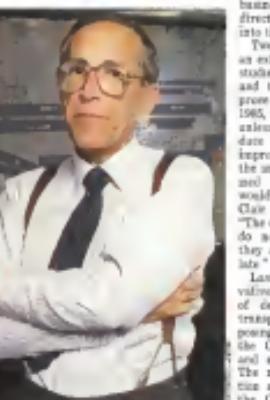
For its part, CN has pointed out that with 70 per cent of its traffic—and its repair work—west of the Lakehead, there is less and less work for the Moncton shop. Last week French Lawries, CN's president and chief operating officer, said in an interview that the company had worked hard to arrange deals with Canadian General Electric, which intends to build diesel locomotives in the shop and may eventually buy 300 of the units. "It's Lawries' fault," he said. "We will still employ 2,000 people [at other CN facilities] in Moncton. But people think that if their father worked there, their son should work there. It becomes an emotional issue."

Since its creation, CN has had a mandate to provide service to areas of the country where it is not economic to do so—an industry that executives call an "unprofitable duty." In some cases, CN obtains federal subsidies that partially compensate it for maintaining

money-losing operations. The company receives \$6 per tonne of the cost of running branch rail lines that the public values, according to its federal regulator, the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC), demands that it keep open. British Rail subsidies are currently costing at \$66 million a year—\$50 million a year less than the cost of operation.

CN is not compensated for maintaining many other losing operations. Transportation, CN's rail subsidiary in Newfoundland, is currently losing \$46 million per year. The company would like to close the 1,000-km railway and serve the island with trucks and ships, but to date it has been refused permission to do so.

Partly as a result of the shortfall of federal subsidies, CN has built up high



LeClair: a precious link to a proud past

debt loads throughout its history. Three times, in 1977, 1982 and 1983, the government recapitalized CN by converting its debt to equity. The government, which had loaned all the money to CN, became the lender. Set in 1978, when \$880 million in debt was absorbed, Ottawa ordered CN to future the money in its funds on the open market.

Since 1983 CN has built up another \$3.5 billion in debt. According to LeClair, \$1.5 billion of that amount results from providing unremunerative public services. In 1986, interest on the debt will probably absorb all of the company's operating profit. Said LeClair: "We can continue to be a medi-

um of public policy—but only if we are compensated for doing so."

Besides the costs involved in maintaining railroads in Canada, industry experts say that CN, along with Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Ltd., which faces many of the same regulation provisions—as well as the most efficient railroads in North America that began to change in 1980 when the U.S. Congress deregulated the country's railways, The Staggers Bill Act permitted U.S. railroad companies to compete for business by making private contracts with passengers instead of having to post their rates. Although revenue fell because of competition, costs fell even more. By 1982 the newly competitive U.S. railroads—joined by deregulated U.S. truckers—began to take at least \$10 billion a year in business away from CN, which directs 30 per cent of its traffic into the United States.

Two years ago CN launched an extensive series of internal studies to analyze its business and to determine how to improve its service. Completed in 1985, the studies indicated that unless it moved quickly to reduce its manpower, debt and improve its efficiency through the increased use of computerized methods, the company would be in trouble. Said LeClair, in a speech last year: "The changes we are suggesting do not reflect foresight and they are not timely. They are late."

Last year the federal Conservatives responded to the wave of deregulation in the U.S. transportation industry by proposing similar legislation for the Canadian train, trucking and air transport businesses. The new national transportation act, which was tabled in the Commons by then-transport minister Donald Macdonald, is expected to be reviewed when the new session of Parliament begins in October. The bill will copy sections of the Staggers Act. Under the U.S. counterpart, the railroads will be able to make confidential contracts with their customers. At the same time, the CTC will be replaced by a new regulatory agency that may permit the railroads to close unprofitable lines more easily. But as CN struggles to regain its reputation as one of the continent's great railroads, its employees in Canada's small towns and communities are bound to suffer the most.

—MICHAEL SALTER with STEPHEN LAWRIES and ERIN McQUEEN in Ottawa

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For half a year Toronto real-estate tycoon Paul Reichmann had waged a hard-fought and determined battle to take control of the British-based distillery William Walker & Sons Ltd. In March, Reichmann, through Gulf Canada Ltd., a company he family controls, launched a takeover of William Walker Distilleries Ltd. (WWDL), the distributor of premium Canadian whiskies. When it was announced, WWDL management—in an attempt to prevent the impending acquisition—sold the liquor business to Britain-based Allied-Lyons PLC for \$86 billion. Then, in April, after a series of courtrooms skirmishes over who rightfully owned the distillery, Reichmann will finally obtain a portion of his sought-after prize.

Late last week representatives of the warring giants met privately in the luxurious London headquarters of Allied, where they settled on a compromise. Allied will assume 51-per-cent control of the distillery for \$80 million, with Reichmann-owned Gulf Can-

sida holding a minority interest of 49 per cent. As a condition of the agreement, all British—including a \$5-billion investment launched by Allied and its partners—will be dropped.

The victory for Allied took place after several weeks of negotiations which were punctuated by Reichmann during a visit to London on April 22. There, the two sides hammered out a "gentleman's agreement," said Skerry Reid, a spokesman for Allied, and agreed to have their lawyers complete the arrangement immediately. Seven days later, when Allied chairman Sir Derrick Holden-Brown and his entourage of six lawyers appeared at the Reichmann office in Tersilia, a serious rift developed. The agreement drafted by the Reichmann side "did not convey the spirit of their verbal agreement in London," said Reid. But Paul Reichmann revisited

Holden-Brown in continue negotiations, which resulted a week later in the settlement.

Both companies will benefit from the settlement and to the early fight. The agreement may help the British food and beverage conglomerate feed off another takeover threat. Last week Britain's Monopolies and Mergers Commission approved an application by Australian-based Elders Ltd. to renew a bid first made last December to acquire Allied Stock market shareowners in London and last week that the Elders purchase could make Alfred too large for Elders to absorb.

But the eleven-hour accord also provided the two corporate combatants with a graceful way out of a lengthy and gloomy battle. The next round of court battles, and any subsequent appeals, would have dragged the contest into many more months. The between Allied and the Reichmanns provided a way to save not only money but face.

—PATRICIA REED with THERESA TRIDECOPO in Toronto



Sir Derrick Holden-Brown

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New masters of the bottom line

By Peter C. Newman

Those kids are smart. But I'm so soon take a position to bed at five o'clock and my brain, whenever my holder and use my telephone to find some other guy who's going to take the money — Ned Dewey, in a forthcoming book about Harvard MBAs

That may be too harsh a verdict, but there is little doubt that the current crop of mba and their undergraduate equivalents are giving North America's business a harder edge and endearing the boardrooms they have invaded with an air of astute professionalism.

This month the 40 or so universities that have set up their new breed of business, continuing the process of transforming would-be yuppies into masters of the bottom line. Some 2,000 graduates at various levels now total nearly 15,000 annually, accounting for nearly 30 per cent of all university students—except in Quebec, where nearly a quarter of all college students are studying some aspect of business.

The phenomenon is still too recent to form any definite conclusions on how this affects...and the classes which have preceded the current crop of graduates plus those who will follow it...will alter our business ethic. But the research being done by the 2,100 full-time professors at Canadian business schools certainly is providing a valuable framework for the study of Canada's business practices.

Few institutions have contributed more to this process than the commerce faculty at Vancouver's University of British Columbia. "With constrained resources we had to make a decision on how to define our mission," says dean Peter Lantz. "Because Canada was already being served very well in the Harvard-oriented case method adopted by the University of Western Ontario, we decided to follow the MIT and University of Chicago examples and concentrate more on the theoretical approach and try to make our mark there."

That theoretical emphasis has not detracted from UBC's undergraduate commerce program. There were 1,280 applications for the 350 available first-year places this summer. The average age of the successful applicants to the MBA program is 36, and 80 per cent of them have some experience in the labour force.

UBC's research-oriented school of

business is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the University of Western Ontario's emphasis on case studies, Queen's University School of Business in Kingston, Ont., is somewhere in between. This semester there were 1,154 applicants for the 175 available three-year Bachelor of Commerce spots, and a total undergraduate business student body of some 3,000. "One of the big problems," says dean John Gordon, "is the admissions criteria, and which are privately funded. I don't think that's acceptable in the long run. We've got to have a much broader basis of choice for people who are going into the management sector, both public and private."

Perhaps the fact that Gordon is himself an engineer (as well as an MBA) has something to do with the breadth of backgrounds among successful mba applicants. "We like to make sure that we have a broad discipline base," says Gordon. "We are extremely well integrated into what I consider to be one of Canada's great universities."

Queen's, unlike most Canadian universities, is very much part of its community, partly because of its physical location in the residential heart of Kingston and partly because it is architecturally compatible with its surroundings—due to the fact, as one of the former chancellors observed, "of never having enough money to make any serious mistakes." Although there are no corporate head offices in town, Kingston is "centrally isolated" enough that visiting lecturer-administrators commute from Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa.

"Our main advantage," says Gordon, "is that our students get a much more rounded education, both inside and outside the classroom, than at other places. There is a balance between teaching and research. I want a faculty that brings its attitudes for inquiry into the classroom instead of just channelling it into publishing in learned journals for the sake of advancing academic careers."

What business schools do for their graduates is provide them with higher-than-average entry points when they are ready to start their careers. But most of the schools also produce a very special cast of mind and a highly competitive spirit. "It's not how you play," one MBA summed up. "It's whether you win the God damned game."



Lantz—a harder edge in the boardroom

Unique to the JING school is its emphasis on Pacific Rim studies. Six faculty members taught at Jiao Tong University in Shanghai during the summer, while a few Chinese scholars and six PhD candidates are spending at least a year in Vancouver. Although Jiao Tong is basically an engineering school, the professors have set up a management faculty in Shanghai with assistance from the Canadian International Development Agency.

JING's research-oriented school of

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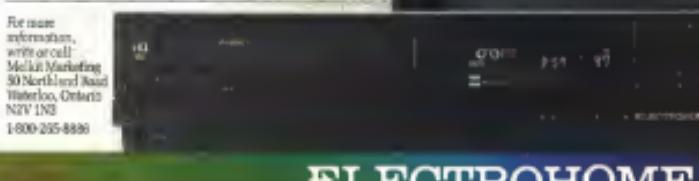
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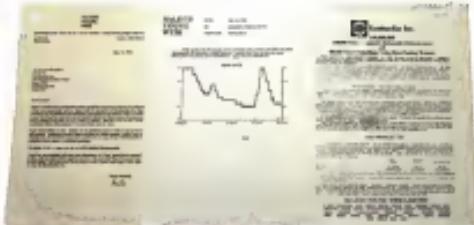
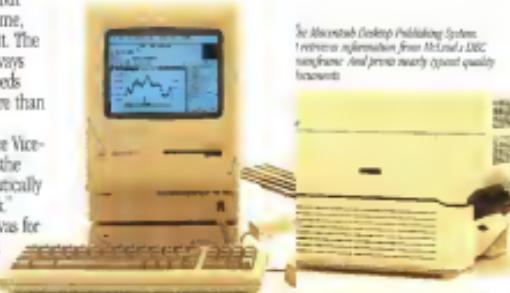
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From the fast lane to a prison cell

The Los Angeles Criminal Courts building is 16 km southwest of the Chateau Marmont Hotel on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. But for 38-year-old Catherine Evelyn Smith this distance represents the journey from many years spent supplying entertainment industry stars' demands for drugs and sex to her current status as the woman who was partially responsible for the death of comedian John Belushi. The rotund star of *Saturday Night Live* died of a drug overdose in a seedy bungalow behind the luxury hotel on March 5, 1982. And just weeks ago Superior Court Judge Donald Horowitz sentenced Smith, a native of Burlington, Ont., to three years in prison for supplying the fatal heroin and cocaine mixture. As Belushi's widow, Judge, looked on from a front-row courtroom seat, Horowitz told Smith that the late comedian's drug-dependent lifestyle could not absolve her from responsibility in his death said Horowitz. "You were brought into the action with Mr. Belushi's circle of friends because you were the enforcer, the source of that poison."

Smith, who did not immediately respond to a request for comment, has three counts of furnishing and administering dangerous drugs and Jane, an improbably daring the sentencing as defense lawyer Howard Weisman unsuccessfully asked the judge to grant her probation instead of a jail term. Weisman had argued that his client needed treatment at a drug rehabilitation centre and disclosed that Smith had relapsed into heroin addiction shortly before her June court appearance. That was the latest revelation in the saga of a woman who spent 30 years gaining access to the closely guarded inner circles of such highly successful entertainers as the Rolling Stones. In return, Smith provided services which ranged from supplying drugs and sexual favors to members of the rock group The Band, to acting as a housekeeper for Status Quo guitar hero Mick Ronson in Los Angeles. Those skills—and in

particular her extensive and ingenious liaison connections—gave her access to Belushi only four days before he died.

As a result of that fateful meeting, Smith eventually found infamy in her own right. And documentation of her role in an episode that graphically displayed the recent aftermath of show business appeared in publications as diverse as *The National Enquirer* and *World*, a 40-page account of Belushi's self-destructive final days, by Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post*



Smith, Weisman—a plea for rehabilitation and a relapse into heroin addiction

but two of Belushi's friends found him dead. But even though police investigating the death found a syringe containing traces of cocaine and heroin in Smith's purse, they released her without charges after questioning her for several hours. And the Los Angeles county coroner eventually ruled that the comedian had died as the result of an accidental drug overdose.

But three months later Smith received continent-wide exposure when she described her involvement with Belushi to the *National Enquirer*—in exchange for a \$50,000 payment. Under a heading which read Hollywood Drag Queen Confesses, the newspaper's June 29, 1982, edition quoted Smith as saying: "I killed John Belushi. I did not mean to but I was responsible for his death." The article led authorities to



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reopen the case and nine months later a Los Angeles grand jury indicted Smith for second-degree murder and 23 counts of furnishing and administering drugs. Edie Pax, the deputy district attorney who successfully prosecuted Smith, described the Examiner's taped interview with her as "the smoking gun" in the case.

As Pax argued passionately for a prison term, Smith sat nearby at the defense counsel's table. With her neatly coiffed hair, a smart purple-blue skirt and matching print blouse, she appeared to be healthy and confident last week. In fact, Smith had spent the previous few weeks in a drug detoxification centre attempting to overcome her heroin habit. And defence counsel Wettman said that it was doubtful that she would be able to remain drug-free if exposed to readily available drugs within prison. Declared Wettman: "The solution to the tragedy that took place is not that Smith should be warehoused for what she did. Smith was a young woman who got caught up in a situation thousands of people in America would have

been to be in, being in the shadow of a grown man."

Smith's streak of breaking an reflected glory on the fringes of the entertainment world began in 1962 when a friend took her to a Bluenotes, Ont., bar and introduced her to The Hawks,

child, later gave the little girl up for adoption before she was a year old and, in 1963, entered a stormy four-year relationship with Canadian singer Gordon Lightfoot.

When they separated Smith did not want to leave an existing environment of late nights, road tours and polishing concerts. By then she had danced with Prince Charles at an Ottawa reception hosted by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, performed as a back-up vocalist on Lightfoot's 1973 album *Shadows* and met scores of the top U.S. and Canadian rock stars. In 1975 Smith shared a stage—and a bed—with country singer Hoyt Axton. And by 1978 she had met the Rolling Stones.

Smith worked on a series of other well-known cyphers: Keith Richards and Marianne Faithfull were among those Smith was saw in rock's innermost circle but the band unmercifully dropped her from its entourage in October of that year after using her to look after one of their leases. Said Smith in last week's CITY-TV documentary: "That's the way they are used to working—you know, we don't need you any more." Added Canadian singer Murray McLauchlan, who also used Smith as a backup singer: "In retrospect, she had a lot of potential to do something good on her own. But for some reason she decided to take the path of least resistance, which was to glam her fans by hanging around with the famous."

In the end, a career dedicated to drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll did bring Smith hard recognition—but only as the woman who sold a famous rock star's drive to destroy himself. Belushi's relatives clearly see her on that light—apart from his widow, who had that her spiritual beliefs prevented her from judging Smith's actions. But Pamela Jackie Belushi, Belushi's sister-in-law and a Port Credit, Ont., lawyer, told the court that Smith should go to jail because she seemed to believe that "if you want to be with celebrities, the way to do it is with drugs." And now, herself a figure of notoriety, Smith will have to withstand the same temptations that destroyed Belushi. One reason, according to film producer Haskay, who talked to her last week, remains in a Los Angeles holding cell promised Smith that drugs would be easily available.



Sharon in *Neighbours*: the drive to destroy herself

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The Criminal Code's revised Section 185.1, Canada's tough new anti-pimping law which comes into effect last December, gives police power to prosecute prostitution. But in April, B.C. Attorney General Brian Smith de-



Prostitution in Vancouver: confirmation of a dangerous new trend in the trade.

CRIME

Corpse on a quiet street

Driving home with her husband, David, from a football game at 11:35 p.m. on Aug. 21, Diane Savas noticed something plank in the tiny park adjacent to her house in the quiet Vancouver suburb of Burnaby. Suddenly the car's headlights illuminated a grotesque scene: impaled on the grass there reposed the body of a young woman clad in a pink blouse and a short purple skirt. Right next to the grisly victim, bent over slightly and holding her dead, Diane Rose Kiss, a 25-year-old prostitute, had been strangled by a murderer who was still at large this past week. To some Vancouver prostitutes, ordered by judges not to work in the city's core, the murder was grim confirmation of a dangerous new twist in their trade.

They say that the courts are driving them out into unfamiliar and somewhat dangerous areas—like the poorly-lit corner of the King George Highway in Burnaby where Kiss was last seen alive by people at a nearby Tim Horton's drug shop. Earlier this summer police had twice arrested Kiss downtown on charges of communicating for the purpose of prostitution, and on June 3 provincial court Judge Erik Headrick ordered her to stay out of the city limits. But Anthony Sarks, the lawyer who acted for Kiss during her trial, says he does not believe the court action was responsible for his former client's death. Said Sarks: "They should be used with the utmost care, but area restrictions don't kill people."

Meanwhile, Vancouver regional Crown prosecutor Robert Wright said that prostitutes will continue to sell for restrictions on prostitutes "until they are all off the streets."

—ANNE REESEY with GLEN FRITHCROSS
in Vancouver

structed prosecutors to ask the courts to impose area restrictions on accused prostitutes and clients both as a condition of bail and upon conviction. As a result, more than 300 people sentenced in the province since April are now subject to area restrictions. But Marie Arrington, an organizer of Vancouver's Prostitutes and Other Women for Equal Rights, says that the courts are trying to make all of Vancouver a restricted zone. "She blames the courts for Kiss's death," said Arrington, who had known Kiss for two years. "If she didn't get an area restriction, she'd still be alive."

Kiss, a 110-lb. blue-eyed blonde, had worked as a call-girl portion of Davis Street, while her boyfriend, Bruce Craig, 41, kept watch from a hotel restaurant on the other side—and she was harassed from downtown. Then she moved to Surrey where she solicited customers by pretending to be hitchhikers. But Anthony Sarks, the lawyer who acted for Kiss during her trial, says he does not believe the court action was responsible for his former client's death. Said Sarks: "They should be used with the utmost care, but area restrictions don't kill people."

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EDUCATION

Not wanted on voyage

On the opening day of school in Vancouver, Niven and Page Swanson took their daughter, Amber, to kindergarten for the first time. But the 5-year-old girl's first day at Lester Elementary School on Aug. 29 was over before it even began—because Amber Swanson has cerebral palsy. Minutes before 8 a.m., principal Gary Kress stepped the students in the hallway of the large building in the city's north end and told parents that he could not allow their daughter into the classroom. The teacher then told her disabled daughter: "There isn't quite room enough for you today." And later the father told reporters that if necessary he would fight all the way in the Supreme Court of Canada to get his daughter into a normal school. Said Swanson: "We believe the new Charter of Rights guarantees our daughter's inclusiveness in society. You can't discriminate against her because of her disability, and this is what they are clearly doing."

Because of her cerebral palsy, a disability caused by brain damage before or at birth, Amber cannot walk or talk and would require a full-time teacher's aide to help her move and communicate. For that reason the Winslow school board wants the girl to attend Murray Elementary School, where she can receive as many as five other handicapped children, a speech-language teacher and 18 handicapped students. But the Swansons say that Amber should attend Lester, two blocks from their home, instead of Murray, which is about four kilometers away. However, the school board's deputy assistant superintendent, Marianne Wasylyko, said that the board could never provide every school with the type of care that Amber needs. Said Wasylyko: "It is impossible financially."

By week's end, the Swansons had met with Wasylyko to discuss the girl's future. But board chairman Vincent Boil said that before Amber could be allowed to attend Lester there would have to be a full assessment of her needs. To that, Page Swanson replied: "We cannot agree to an assessment that will determine whether or not she will go to that school. She has a right to go to that school." But it may take a court battle to get Amber into that classroom.

—BOB SMITH in Vancouver

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THE HOTTEST TEAM IN THE RACE

COVER

The sun is dazzling, even in the bright sunlight of a September afternoon. The heat is intense, relaxed, giving off just subtle hints of a cockiness or at least of a rock-solid confidence. The Mets are not visited by his adoration, who arrive at Toronto's Exhibition Stadium long before game time to watch Blue Jay Jesse Barfield whiz, with his towering home runs and rocket-like throws from right field, has become a symbol of the Jays and their dramatic late entry in the pennant race of 1986. They come to cheer Barfield's power-hitting partners in the outfield—George Bell and Lloyd Moseby—and Toronto's warhorses in the mound, Tony Pena and Steve Trachsel. They come to cheer on the Jays' part of the Boston Red Sox. And Barfield, "I think everybody is extremely excited about what we've done the last couple of weeks. If we stay healthy, we're going to be tough to beat."

Rivalry. Unlike last year, for the majority of the 1986 season the Jays were not that hard to beat. The Red Sox quickly pulled away from the defending American League (AL) champions and, indeed, from the rest of their rivals. Throughout baseball, the bright promise of March faded and the know-everything of July and August died away. While the Jays led the league, now second, their pride faltered and even Barfield's bat fell silent. But as August gave way to Sep-

tember, the pitchers found the strike zone and the vaunted Toronto fielding base began moving in unison (page 36). And finally the source of major league baseball—a pennant race—is beginning to unfold.

Of the 26 teams that opened the 1986 season in pursuit of four division

championships, just seven contenders remain. The New York Mets in the National League East (NL), the season's best team, now simply await an opponent from the West—Houston, or perhaps Cincinnati—in the American League West, the California Angels' Texas Rangers lead over the slightly uncomfortable.

But in the AL East, a September showdown awaits. The pennant race in baseball's most competitive division is now reduced to two teams—the Boston Red Sox and the Toronto Blue Jays. By the end of the month they will have played each other six times and the race will likely have been won. And broadcast director Tom New York Yankees' morning show, Kishik. "It may come down to these six games, and it will be the team that's not frightened that will win."

Tribe. The team begins their trip to this month's confrontation in April. The Blue Jays, in just their 10th year in the league but as defending champions in the East, expected to arrive as schedule. The Red Sox, in their 15th year but as the fifth-place Indians in 1985, expected to arrive late, but well fresh. But this season it was the Sox, not the Jays, who had the drop-off from the middle of May. And it was Boston's pitchers who took Toronto's, those who tracked the Detroit Tigers, New York Yankees and Baltimore Orioles.

Still, as October sped toward the pennant, Te-

rronto, despite some problems, began to steadily climb the Red Sox' slide. Now, with the 123-game season drawing to a close, in front of tens of thousands of fans and millions of television viewers, the race in Sox and Jays uniforms will fill established stadiums and parlay their lifelong dreams. Said Blue Jays catcher Bill Martinis: "From our very beginnings in the game, this is what we play for, the pennant race. It is the only thing in baseball."

Meant For the Jays. This, the mirror image of last year's. Then, they were the leaders, relentlessly pursued by the Yankees. Now, they pursue Boston and will have to play 16 of their last 33 games in apparent parks. For the Red Sox, this year is a welcome reversal of fortune. Then, they trailed the Blue Jays by 38 games. Last weekend they narrowly beat the Jays, and will be playing at home in their final 30 games. And while the Jays gradually crept past the Tigers, Orioles and Yankees late season and place, the free-running Sox withstood repeated challenges and constant reminders of the team's history of faltering in the stretch. Said Kishik: "The other teams—Detroit, Baltimore and New York—have all made their run at the Sox, and they have all been beaten back. Now it's the Blue Jays' turn. These flourishes are enhancing mentally and physically. This month we'll see how much the Jays have left."

Sweat. The defending champions' late-season rush began early. The Jays finished in last place on June 8 and 20 games behind Boston on June 16. At the midseason all-star break, the Jays were 16th and 10½ games back. Through July and August the Sox would only gain, so their primary competition would be in June. Boston had won all three games over the Yankees in New York and then swept the Orioles in three games in Baltimore. When the Tigers made their charge after the all-star break, Boston defeated Detroit five times in seven games. But as the summer passed on and, it became clear that the Sox would worry only about themselves in the final month.

Many Red Sox players say they are ready for the Jays' challenges and prepared to turn it back. They have the

Jays' winningest pitcher in Roger Clemens. And they have one of the game's best hitters, veteran Don Baylor, who arrived in a preseason trade with the Yankees.

The Sox had a winning record

against the Jays last season. Boston took six of 12 games from Toronto and won four of their seven meetings earlier this year. Said Boston reliever Joe Raabits: "Look at Toronto. When they won their ninth straight game last week, they were still 1½ games back if we went out and won one in a row, we could go and hide. They knew they can't keep winning like that, but that's what they have to do to stay at it. I'm glad we are where we are—being chased."

Prospecting. Toronto manager Jim Williams and team executive vice-president Pat Gibbick both say that the Jays' chase began on Aug. 34. The team, powered by outfielders George Bell, Jesse Barfield and Lloyd Moseby, led the league in runs scored, but was floundering. The starting pitching rotation was missing a heat every fourth game when Dave Stieb arrived on the mound. The pitcher with the a/c's lowest earned run average in 1985 threatened to lead to the highest in 1986. After a series of shaky early performances, left-hander Jimmy Key recovered and was pitching well. Right-hander Jim Clancy was having the best season of his career, and left-hander John Carrasco was proving that he belongs in the major leagues.

Strategic. Critical trades in early July sent makeshifts Doyle Alexander and Jim Askier to Atlanta in exchange for two other pitchers: Joe Johnson, who quickly won four games for Toronto, and Duane Ward. While last year's relief ace Dennis Lamp struggled with his control, and injuries marred Gary Lavelle and Tim Fitter, rookie reliever Mark Eichhorn and Tom Henke were having sensational years. But the Toronto momentum stopped abruptly when Stieb was given the ball 11 days ago in Minnesota.

The Red Sox' season-long search has been rewarded by Clemens, the AL's starting pitcher in the all-star game against NL starster Dwight Gooden of the high-flying New York Mets (page 42). The remarkable 21-year-old right-



Barfield: "If we stay healthy, we're going to be tough to beat."



Moseby (above), Williams: Late-season rush

up. Spike Owen from the Seattle Mariners. The Sox' starting pitching staff was solidified by the earlier arrival of veteran pitcher Tom Seaver from the Chicago White Sox and encouraged by the outstanding relief pitching of rookie Cuban Schiraldi.

kander won his first 14 games of the season, one short of the American League record for most consecutive wins at the start of a season. It was the Jays who stopped Clemens's string. Essentially, the Sox were almost guaranteed a victory every fourth game. At the same time, every fourth Toronto game, Stiehl and his teammates were virtually guaranteed a loss. Said Williams: "There was giving up runs quickly in almost every game, falling further behind and not giving us a chance to come back. But in that Minnesota game, he gave up three quick runs, then really bore down and shut them out for 25 innings. That was the turning point. He stayed with it and we were able to come back and win the game in the 10th inning."

Stiehl. In his next two starts, Stiehl pitched well and won one game, raising his record to a still dismal five wins and 16 losses. Said Gilligan: "Our staff had been outstanding, as was our relief pitching and our starting, Tony Fernandez. Ruthkun was having one of those fantastic years that you never really expect. The only thing really lacking was a few quality starts from Stiehl. Then he turned it around in Minnesota. Stiehl keeps us in a division."

Starting on their lead, the Sox, too, like their players, said Hiltner, pitcher Ray Blanton: "I'm exhausted—*if* by the time we play them [on Sept. 19], it's either gonna be a daughter or I'll be all over. We'll either be ahead by three or four or we'll have a seven or eight game lead." But in a rare, lachrymose moment, the determinedly resilient Blanton commented: "Their lead means nothing now; it's as if we're tied. It will come down to our series with them. We just have to win it."

Rights. The first three meetings will be held in Toronto. The Jays will have a far friendlier audience there than they will on the last weekend in September in the sometimes hostile confines of Boston's Fenway Park. There have been bad feelings between the teams since they traveled in

June of last year. The fighting broke out after Boston's Bruce Kison (since retired) hit Bell with a pitch just after Eric Whitt struck a grand-slam home run. Bell charged the mound and aimed a karate kick at Kison, and the

engaging animosity between the clubs 10's right up there out front."

The Jays have impressed rivals around the league. Said Cleveland Indians manager Pat Corrales: "I like the Blue Jays. They are more talented than they were last year, and they should go farther. They can best you with the bats, with their speed and with their given." If a Toronto glove wins the series, it will likely belong to shortstop Tony Fernandes. At 24, and already considered the best defensive shortstop in baseball, Fernandes has added a .300 batting average this year. What says that Fernandes, despite his youth, is "a young leader, going off the field" and a leading candidate for the league's most valuable player (MVP) award. Added Whitt: "Most teams have perhaps one candidate. We have three—Fernandes, Bell and Harfield—but that will probably just split the vote." Said Jays third baseman Garry Lang, who has been with the team from the beginning: "If Tony is not the MVP, then I just can't imagine who is. Who would you trade him for? No one."

Fernandez, however, downplayed the importance of the MVP award. He added: "I've got my individual recognition via the [baseball] media, but what I want is to win the championship for the organization." To do that, the Jays will most likely have to beat the Red Sox in old Fenway Park, with its nooks and crannies, its taunting "Green Monster" wall, its left field and its belligerent Red Sox fans just an arm's length away. Said Martinez: "Just walking into Fenway is exciting. There is so much history there, going all the way back to Babe Ruth, then Ted Williams, Carl Yastrzemski, right up to Carlton Fisk. And having the chance to go in there in September is a pleasure race is a thrill for both clubs." The boys of Boston and Toronto now carry their dreams into suburbia, and the race will divide where will come true.

—EARL QUINN with ANN PULINSON in Toronto and DALE BRADLEY in Boston



Boggs (above); Eichhorn: the Sox say they are ready for the Jays' challenge



Clemens said front-line pitching and a healthy first-place lead

THE SOX' LOST LEGACY

COVER

Most Boston Red Sox fans see their team the way a giddy lover views an old flame. They listen skeptically to repeated plaudits for forgiveness and promises of happier endings. The affair began when the American League (AL) team was formed in 1901, but the Red Sox have not won a World Series since 1918, when the left-handed Babe Ruth was a star pitcher in a 1930 three-game

series, towering "Green Monster" left-field wall beat Boston 5-4.

In the wake of the 1978 nose dive, as head is too big for Red Sox fans in 1986. Left fielder and team captain Jim Rice, right fielder Dwight Evans and relief pitcher Bob Stanley are the only players left from the 1978 team, nicknamed the "Mantis Folders." And the new players are paying for the mistakes of their predecessors. Boston

isn't, we're not going to win," and, "Oh, no, Toronto's going to beat us."

But the confident anticipation of failure has not dampened New England's interest in the Sox. Since last August 611 the 35,583-seat Fenway park game, and scalpers collect \$32 for 200 tickets. There is also ample evidence that the 1986 Sox are different. They have remained in first place with solid front-line pitching, not usually a Bos-

ton strength. Roger Clemens is 9-4, baseball's best 20-game winner this season, could win Cy Young Award in the league's top pitcher and he earned the league's Most Valuable Player. Clemens leads a competent starting staff of Tom Seaver, Dennis "Oil Can" Boyd, Bruce Hurst and Al Nipper, while Calvin Schiraldi has emerged as a bullpen closer.

Williams. Bill, the current Red Sox are not the fence-busters of old. In past years, the Sox would bushwhack 10-14+ runs throughout the summer before settling in Fenway's September winds. The 1986 Sox are winning, along with Louisville, with the gritty grittiness of first baseman Bill Buckner and the power-slitting hitting of third base man Wade Boggs. And they have won with the addition of veteran players familiar with various Senior New York via Chicago, San Diego (Boston), Baltimore, Jim Sundby (Houston), Ed Banham (Milwaukee) and Baylor bring a new positive attitude to the clubhouse. But for most Sox fans, it is still too early to enjoy all that. The memories of bitter setbacks in past seasons are still too fresh. Said Baylor: "A lot of people with their hearts instead of their eyes." As they have since 1918, the Sox fans will be watching this rematch, but with anxiety in check, waiting for proof from their old friend.

—PAUL QUINN with DALE BRADLEY in Boston

READY IN THE OUTFIELD

COVER

In the fall of 1989 fate smiled upon the yet-to-be-formed Toronto Blue Jays. On Oct. 21, George Antonio Bell was born in San Pedro de Macoris, Dominican Republic. The birth of James Lee Barfield followed eight days later in Joliet, Ill., and seven days after that Lloyd Anthony Moses drew breaths in Portland, Ark. Years later the two men who now run the Blue Jays installed Bell, Barfield and Mosesy as their starting outfield. And now as the Jays struggle to repeat as American League (AL) East champions, many experts agree that the trio of 26-year-olds comprise the best outfield in baseball. "It is a very talented group," said John Schuerholz, general manager of the Kansas City Royals. "They have the physical skills. They're young, they're aggressive, and they seem to complement each other. I can't think of another outfield that's better."

Slugged. Statistics tell part of the story. By the end of play on Sept. 5, with 27 games left in the regular season, the three Jays' outfielders had a combined batting average of nearly .300—Bell (.297), Mosesy (.295) and Bell (.295). No outfield in either the American or National leagues could match those numbers. Cleveland Indians manager Pat Corrales compared the three Jays with the 1989 Oakland A's outfield of Rickey Henderson, Dwayne Murphy and Tony Armas, which batted .295 and had 37 home runs and 300 runs batted in (RBIs) for the full season. Added Corrales of the Jays' contingent: "I would say this is a better outfield."

Brad Tony Kubek, Jays broadcaster and New York Yankees shortstop, thinks the Jays are the best there is right now. "No one is even close."

So effective have the Jays' outfielders been that both Bell and Barfield (along with Jays' shortstop Tony Fernandez) are considered strong candidates for the league's Best Available Player award—particularly if the Jays

wins their division. The three outfielders often find themselves competing for individual honors, but they remain good friends. "We love each other," Mosesy says simply, adding that the competition spurs each of them on to greater achievement. Barfield recalled that in spring training a reporter asked Bell to predict how many home runs he would hit this year. "How many did Jesus say he'd hit?"



Bell: a hard-nosed player and a bet that stuck the talking

Bell replied, "I told him, 'Barfield had 20 and I had 20.' And Bell said, 'Then I'm going to hit 30.' By last Friday night they were well within range of those goals; Barfield had 30 homers and Bell 29, both among the American League leaders.

Youth. Despite their youth the three outfielders are all big-league veterans who had the luxury of coming of age with a new team in the majors. Pat Gillick, the Jays' executive vice-president, and the team believe that it was just a matter of time before the three young "matured into the players

that they are at the moment. And because of their age, we don't think that they've reached their potential yet."

Mosley was the first to make it to the major leagues. Signed as a celebrated high school athlete in Oakland, Calif., the six-foot, three-inch centre fielder played only two full seasons of minor-league baseball before jumping to the Jays in May, 1986. His first three years had an unpredictable start. In 1988 and 1989 he has performed consistently over slugs, this year making the AL All-Star team. As the Jays continued to climb to the top of the league-leading Boston last month, Mosley, a left-handed batter, delivered a grand-slam home run to help defeat Minnesota and a game-winning single against Cleveland the following day. As weekend play began, he was batting .322 with 30 homers and 96 RBIs, and he had stolen 39 bases.

Style. Beyond his statistics, Mosley is noted for his style. Nicknamed the "Shaker" for the way he swings his bat, he is a high school basketballer, having baseball with a solid foundation, complete with enough one-handed catches. "I get called 'hot dog' because I do things funky or different," he said. "But I just having fun out there. I think the day I stop having fun I'm going to quit the game because that's what it's all about for me." Mosley, who lives in Lemoore, Calif., in the off-season, and he enjoys playing in

Toronto. He is philosophical about the fact that he and his teammates do not receive as much recognition in the United States as the stars in such media centres as New York and Los Angeles. "The cameras are always focused on those cities," he said. "That real baseball players remain the talent we have over here in Toronto. That's what matters; our peers really respect us. In some instances, I think they fear us."

They certainly fear Barfield, the powerfully built right fielder who was

batting .309 and had driven in an impressive 88 runs. Like Mosley, Barfield was no overnight sensation. The Jays drafted him in 1977 only after scout Betty Matlick spotted him. "He had good actions," recalled Matlick, now a Jays vice-president. "He was field, he had a good arm and he was a pretty polished outfielder." Still, Barfield spent five seasons in the minors before making the parent club in September, 1981. Even then he did not know a full-time starter until last year. He responded by hitting 27 homers and using his strong, stratospheric arm to throw out 22 baserunners, both in the AL.

Barfield improved, however, at the start of this year. "He hit the ball well," said Jays batting instructor Cito Gaston. "It's just that he didn't get any breaks." Barfield recovered in time to make the AL All-Star squad. But even during the worst of the slump he said he never lost his self-confidence, a streakiness he attributes in part to his religion. On June 23, 1982—he is quick to recall the exact date—he attended a Bible-study session at the home of then-teammate Ray Lee Jackson and became a born-again Christian. "It keeps me more relaxed," Barfield said. "Not passive, but I think it helps me put things in perspective. I go out there day in and day out and just do the best I can."

Barfield's efforts have been equally impressive. A free-swinging left fielder, Bell, whose home town of San Pedro de Macoris has provided half of the 200 Dominicans playing pro ball in North America, was drafted from the Philadelphia Phillies' organization in 1980. After an injury-plagued minor-leagues career, he was promoted to Toronto three years later and hit 26 and 28 homers in 1984 and 1985. This year Kansas City manager Dick Howser, who also managed the AL All-Star team, did not choose Bell for the star squad despite his superb play—a slight that outraged Bell's teammates. "He got screwed last year and he's getting screwed this year," catcher Eric Whitt said at the time.

Rehabbed. Many Jays players believe Bell was passed over because of his reputation as a hot-head, a characteristic that has caused him problems on several occasions. Most celebrated is the June, 1986, incident in which Bell, hit by a pitch, charged the mound and tried to knockout Boston pitcher Bruce Kison. Bell has also chirred in with con-



Mosley; Barfield (rears): outshining the competition by loving each other

troversial comments. After a questionable call during last year's American League Championship Series with the Royals, he accused the umpires of being anti-Canadian and anti-Dominican. Of late he has not been talking to the press. "No way, man," he said in response to a request for an interview last week. "That's just me." But many of his teammates say that not only is Bell a superb player—but also a superb player—hitting .305 with 103 runs at week's end—but that his reputation is undeserved. They say he simply plays hard. "He gives 150 per cent," said Whitt. "As a teammate I think he's an outstanding guy." Added Gaston: "He gave me 24 George Bell's on a ball. He's a good guy off the field, but when he's on the field, he's there to beat your butt."

—BOB LEWIN in Toronto

THE METS MAGIC

COVER

In 1969, Americans landed on the moon. More implausibly, the New York Mets won their first world championship—and their pitchers, Tom McGraw gave the city's Shea Stadium a new tattoo: "You Gotta Believe." This year, Met believers switch to a different credo: "You Gotta Expect!" As the long season entered its final weeks, the team stood at the top of the eastern division of the National League with 88 wins and 43 losses—an authoritative 18 games ahead of Philadelphia's Phillies, and 20½ in front of Montreal's once-mighty Expos.

But in the neighborhood bars and taverns where Met fans gather, after watching three different games simultaneously, silent-film style, there is an air of disbelief that so talented a team could lose 43 games.

Swing Time. A child when the Mets won the 1969 Series—then only world championship—has been a Met disciple for a decade, during which the

Carter as air as disbelief that so talented a team could still lose 43 games



—DAVID HEDRENS in New York

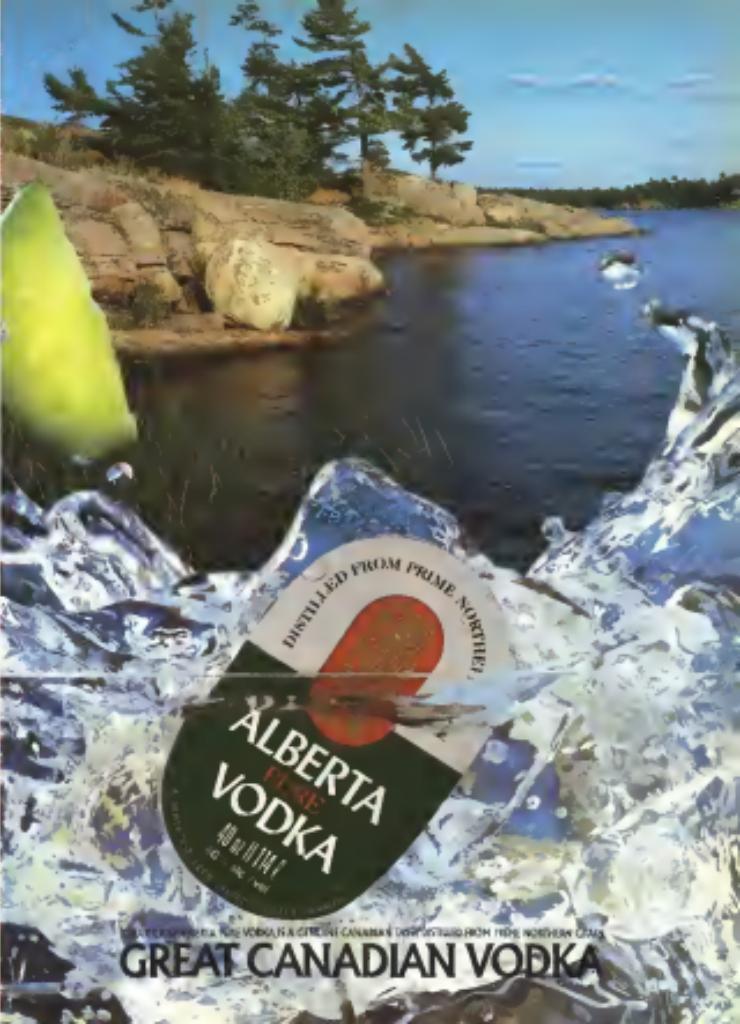
team was seldom in contention. "Now, I get depressed when they lose. How can they?" After the West Coast swing in August, they had an 8-1 record, the best ever out there, and I kept thinking about the ones we lost." Vince was irate last week when Godwin, the premier pitcher in baseball last year, struck out 10 batters and lost by one run to the San Francisco Giants.

Scared. That special feeling of vulnerability derived from a team's record—scared anchors that mortals based fears across the continent. By the end of August the Mets had 12 wins and six losses, and Pittsburgh's 14—Pittsburgh's record against other clubs—the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs (6-6 in each case)—also held great expectations. More certain statistics were equally impressive: The Mets have won 26 out of 42 one-run games, come from behind to win 35 times and, on 75 occasions when they led after seven innings of play, won 73 times.

In fact, by June the Mets had registered a 31-13 win-loss record, the best start in their 25-year history. Only during one brief period in August did the team lose as many as four games in a row—the Phillies and the Cardinals. To some incredulous supporters, the slump seemed even longer, because the Mets lost six games out of seven, trimming their division lead to 36 games. But that was clearly an illustration. The Mets are a streak team, but the streaks are almost always of the winning kind: one 11-game run—the season's longest—as well as one eight-gamer, two seven-gamers, two six-gamers, two five-gamers and seven three-gamers.

Team. When this magical Met season began last April, it seemed unlikely that the loquacious Lenny Dykstra, age 23, would be among the league's leading batters in September. Or that five players in the regular lineup—Dykstra, Willy Taveras, Mookie Wilson, Keith Hernandez and Ray Knight—would all hit over .300 by fall. Or that Godwin, with 24 wins in 1985 against only four losses, the best in baseball, would disappoint Mets fans by registering a 13-4 record by Labor Day. Or that star catcher Gary Carter, a former Expo, would be sidelined for 15 days with torn ligaments in his thumb while the team won 10 of 13 games.

On the field, the youthful team out-juggled its immaturity among many fans of 1986, when the Brooklyn Dodgers were boasting a club that would win five of the next eight pennants. For the fans, young and old, the 1986 Mets are once again standing on the threshold of baseball history.



Movie masterpieces

SPECIAL REPORT

At the gala opening of the Festival of Festivals in Toronto last week, an unusually large group of politicians shared the spotlight with the stars. Stepping from Emancipation were Ontario Premier Mike Harris, federal Communications Minister Diane MacLeod and three provincial cabinet ministers. It did not matter that the movies they were celebrating is largely about sex. Or that it bears the ominous title *Decline of the American Empire*. Or that its



Adjani, telling stories more powerfully, creating a sensation at the Berlin film festival

director, Dennis Arcand, was once notorious for making films that depicted politicians as gung-ho. The digitizers were saluting a milestone in Canadian cinema, few, if any, movies made in Canada have generated such widespread enthusiasm as *Decline*. It received the International Critics Prize at Cannes and has broken box office records in Quebec. Over the next few weeks it will open across Canada, and distribution rights have been sold to 25 countries. After its Toronto premiere, Arcand teased the jubilant audience with a self-deprecating speech, then said, "I know you people like this kind of showbiz."

Entertainment Canada's movie industry as a whole is gaining confidence, telling stories more clearly and powerfully than ever. Next week two Canadian films, *Decline* and the Toronto-made *Dressing in the Dark*, are showing at the esteemed New York Film Festival. And *Logan's Run*, shot in Alberta, has stirred excitement at festivals in both Montreal and Toronto. But nowhere is the vitality of Canadian moviemaking more apparent than in Quebec. Along with *Decline*, helmed by Philippe J. Maerck, the Paris-based vice-president of the French Critics Union, as "one of the five best North American films of the year," two other French-language hits are opening in English

theatre. At the gala opening of the Festival of Festivals in Toronto last week, an unusually large group of politicians shared the spotlight with the stars. Stepping from Emancipation were Ontario Premier Mike Harris, federal Communications Minister Diane MacLeod and three provincial cabinet ministers. It did not matter that the movies they were celebrating is largely about sex. Or that it bears the ominous title *Decline of the American Empire*. Or that its

Canadian theatres this week, Yves Simoneau's gritty *Pourquoi caimez-vous l'Amérique?* has already proved that a Quebec-made thriller can compete head-to-head with Hollywood at the matinee box office. And Anne Trister, a poetic drama directed by Lise Pouliot, created a sensation at the Berlin Film festival this year. It also ran for 33 weeks in Montreal theatres.

A younger generation of moviemakers, along with such veterans as Arcand, is making a new kind of film, one that manages to be both personal and commercial. These movies are sleek and polished, but their intelligence is really distant from both Hollywood formulas and the province's own stereotypes. The first Quebec movie to attract major notice in English Canada, 1971's *Miss Quebec*, left a lingering image of a sled carrying a coffin through the snow. By contrast, in *Decline* a group of well-managed women drive from an urban health club to a modern country cottage in a shiny BMW (page 50). In making *Decline*, said director Arcand, "I was very careful to remove any notion of Quebec. The word Quebec isn't even uttered. The characters have other preoccupations." As French critic Marceau pointed out, "*Decline* could be based anywhere, which is the strength of the movie."

Sell-out: In the past, Quebec moviemakers used the screen to celebrate the distinctiveness of the province's politics, history, landscapes and language. While English-Canadian directors such as Norman Jewison and Ted Kotcheff gravitated to Hollywood, their francophone counterparts had little choice but to develop their own mythology and skills within Quebec's culture. To help finance their once ambitious projects, several producers created a cottage industry in soft-core sex films. The first was the 1968 *Il fut l'heure*, the story of a young woman who had escaped from a convent. And 1970's *Deux femmes ou un* (*Two Women in Gold*), in which two bored housewives dallied with deliverymen, still holds the box office record as Quebec's highest-grossing film, with \$75 million in local box office revenues. Although crudely commercial, those movies helped the industry build a production base for what has become Canada's strongest cinematic tradition.

When Toronto's Festival of Festivals prepared a retrospective of 150 Canadian movies in 1984, more than half were from Quebec. And when Canadian and international



Scene from *Pourquoi caimez-vous l'Amérique?* (above); film often deals with violence and the rough dialects of the street

critics selected a Top-10 list from the retrospective, seven of them choices were Quebec titles. Most reflected the province's political and cultural upheaval of the late 1960s and early 1970s. *La crème* (1970), directed by Michel Brault, chronicles the political careers of five people, mostly immigrants during the 1970 October Crisis. The final scene of *La voie naturelle de Brevardette* (1976) shows an arsonist poised with a rifle overlooking an expressway blocked by *Brevardette's* demonstration.

Breakthrough: The capture of a sonnet in transitions between country and city is a frequent theme in movies of that era, especially in Carle's. His heroines are constantly returning to nature to discover their identity. In his 1973 movie *La mort d'un bûcheron* (*Death of a Lumberjack*), a young woman goes into the bush to search for her father, who has been murdered. Quebec films are full of lost fathers, symbolizing a lost父land. Director Jean-Pierre Lefebvre expressed the idea most directly with his 1977 classic, *Le vaste pays au bout du bout* (*The Old Country Where Friendship Dies*)—the story of a man searching for his ancestors roots in France. But the nostalgic, idyllic and militant dreams that once characterized Quebec cinema reflected with the collapse of the independence movement. At the same time, financing for independent Canadian sources dried up as investment in television increased. The sharp forced the province's moviemakers to reassess their priorities. Said Roger Frappier, who helped produce *Logan's Run*, *Anne Trister* and *Pourquoi caimez-vous l'Américaine* while working for the National Film

Board (NFB) last year, "Independence didn't happen. The party's over. Our directors now realize they have to reach a broader public. And there is a new breed of producers who want to make quality cinema that is both meaningful and accessible."

A new style of Quebec cinema emerges, audiences and critics are displaying impatience with those who refuse to adapt. Carle, who has made 21 feature films, is the acknowledged master of Quebec's remnant tradition of film-making. But his latest movie, *Le juge* (*The Judge*), a mid-length short suspense, provoked a venomous response from critics at last month's film festival in Montreal. In the French-language daily *Le Devoir* posed the question, "Death of a filmmaker?" Before *Le juge's* premiere, Carle appeared to be expecting the worst: "People never like my films when they first open," he said. "But then they always talk about my past work and say I'm a great director."



Kids: Like most of his generation, Carle began his career making documentaries at the NFB. With headquarters in Montreal, the board still plays a key role in Quebec's cinematic life at the heart where the main directors of *Decline* and *Darkness* got their start. Said Frappier: "I wanted to see them make films that reflected their own lives. The main directors were working on enormous projects for a super-size audience."

Meanwhile, the boy has also helped Anglo-Quebec moviemakers to find a distinctive voice. Playing dramatic and

Hollywood studio bosses were noticeably absent last May when Montreal director Denis Arcand's *Le Diable au Québec* (The Devil of the Americans) opened to enthusiastic reviews at the Cannes Film Festival. Fearful of Gaussian terrorism, many American studios had bowed to the right-wing government's film ban. And last month he flew to Los Angeles to discuss the possibility of directing an American remake of *Devil* with Hollywood stars. It was Arcand's first visit to Los Angeles, and he soon found himself attending exclusive tennis parties in the backyards of Beverly Hills. Said the director: "I'm a very good tennis player, and that is a major social asset in L.A." Suddenly Arcand, who has spent much of his film-making career directing the decadence of the wealthy and powerful, was soaring high in the court of the American elite.

Career: Arcand, 45, is one of Canada's most provocative and versatile directors. Even before scoring a hit with *Devil*, he had carved out an international reputation with his highly distinctive style of film-making. His 1979 documentary, *On est au ciel* (We work in Cotton), was an aggressive exposé of the Quebec textile industry. Its title is a pun on a Quebec expression meaning "We're fed up." The movie caused so much controversy that the National Film Board (NFB) banned it for five years. Arcand's 1982 dramatic feature, *Réjeanne Fortune*, a gothic tale of corruption among Montreal politicians and mafia leaders, was a hit at the festivals in New York, London, Cannes and Berlin. More recently he extended his reach to English-language television by directing two episodes of the once popular 1985-86 series *English*. But *Devil* marks a return to roots for Arcand. Quebec culture was heavily influenced by Roman Catholicism.

Style: Like the rest of his generation, Arcand was born in a society dominated by the church. The effect of fear children, he grew up in the village of Beauchamp near Quebec City. When *Devil* was 19, his parents moved to Montreal, where they enrolled him in a Jesuit school. Under the Jesuits' strict tutelage, he developed his respect



Arcand at Cannes' Festival of Festivals. (Inset photo: Jonathan Brandis)

Savage thrusts from a satirist's blade

SPECIAL REPORT

with the authorities. But I'm not that eager to do it." Instead, he is impotent to restrain writing the script for his next film, a project that may dispel suspicion that he is about to mount his satirical edge for commercial gain. Titled *Jesus of Montréal*, it is the story of an old-school actor who supports himself by playing Jesus in local religious pageants. Arcand developed the idea after interviewing an actor who apologized for having a beard because he thought it highlighted an Jesus in such pageants—arcane throwbacks to an era when Quebec culture was heavily influenced by Roman Catholicism.

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able than *Devil*. Focusing on exotic extremes of social conflict in Quebec, the film portrayed a harsh and unforgiving world of gamblers, politicians, strippers and strikers. Passe-Bauding, who programs Canadian films for Toronto's Festival of Festivals, said Arcand "is like a John Cassavetes in terms of the kind of Quebec society he depicts. He has an incredibly honest, corrective attitude." But with *Devil*, Arcand avoids specific Quebec references. His characters are French-speaking intellectuals entranced by American culture. And they spend most of the film talking about sex, a subject that readily transcends national boundaries.

Virgins: Slicing into a dinner of blood sausage during a recent interview in a Montreal restaurant, Arcand speaks enthusiastically about the success of *Devil*. Making a film that is verbally rather than visually explicit "is an unusual approach," he said. "The eye has seen everything, but the ear is virgin." For all that, Arcand appears more anxious than excited about the prospect of directing a *Devil* remake for Americans who are unwilling to read subtitles. "It would be fun to make a Hollywood movie," he said. "And I'm curious to see what happens with the negotiations. But I'm not that eager to do it."

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sickly playing license and learned to act onstage in the classical plays of the 18th-century French playwright Molière.

Arcand attained an ms in history at the University of Montreal, where he first encountered the nationalism of Quebec's Quiet Revolution and currents of European Marxism. In 1963 the graduate historian was a job at the NFB, where he helped prepare a documentary history of Canada for the 1967 Centennial. He directed his shorts at the NFB before spending a year and a half working his first feature-length film, *On est au ciel*, as a freelance project which the NFB funded. The NFB's decision to prevent the release of the film, he said, "was a blessing in disguise." Overnight, students were sharing out copies on video. Suddenly an obscure documentary film-maker was the talk of the town.

But before the controversy erupted, Arcand already had another non-fiction documentary under way, *Québec, Capitale du siècle* (Quebec, Capital and After). A scintillating look at the 1970 Quebec election campaign, it too

focused on the unfaithful wife of a Montreal mobster. He married her after a long party with some political pals who are open to a new auto route the next day. The final scene shows an upscale sweep-the-camera pass across the ruins of wrecked houses along the auto route's path, while a concrete mixer buries the body of the mobster's wife under the new roadway. It is a vision of unceasing renewal.

In 1981 Arcand turned his attention to the Quebec working class with *Gives*, the story of a stripper who is raped by a gang of skinheads. A subplot, adapted from Arcand's own experience, concerns a group of film-makers who get to know the stripper while making a documentary about textile workers. The film plays heavily on the contrast between industrial and sexual exploitation.

Studs *Gives* was Arcand's last original film drama until *Berlin* 22 years later. Presenting problems forced him to switch to nonfictional projects. He moved his wife, writing the script for the French cult hit *Monnaie de Poche* in 1976 and directing *Empire* for Georges de la Tour.

The English cut. He also directed his younger brother, actor Gabriel Arcand, in 1983's *Le crise d'Orphée Pouffe*, a successful sequel to Gilles Carle's film *Les Pouffes*. Recalling that venture, the director said, "I've seen that I'm ashamed of it, but I wasn't putting my gots on the table."

In that same period, Arcand made one movie that did best his intrinsic signature *Le Confert et l'Indifférence* (Comfort and Indifference), a searing documentary parading both sides of Quebec's 1970 independence referendum. The film exposed Arcand's, and Quebec's, mounting disillusionment with politics.

Surprise: *Devil* is Arcand's most personal movie, based on his own experiences and those of close friends. "For a change, I wanted to do a film about people that I really know," he said. The result is at once a dazzling and enduring portrait of adults sorting out abandoned ideals and crumbling relationships. Arcand, who is separated after a 14-year childless marriage, said he has tried to portray a generation "that has made individual happiness a higher priority than collective sacrifice. But I'm not making any moral judgments."

Arcand's career mirrors Quebec's cultural evolution over the past two decades. His focus has shifted from the national to the personal, from political issues of oppression to sexual themes of infidelity. He appears to relish the paradox of his position. Basically, he has made a sex film about intellectuals—and an intellectual film about sex. Finally, he has found a way of telling to the American empire seductive stories of its own decline.

—IRIAN B. JOHNSON ■ Montreal



Scene from *Le crise d'Orphée Pouffe*: blood, sewage and a Jesus from a religious pageant

was highly controversial; the director courted outrage by intercutting speeches by René Lévesque with clips of Quebec's corrupt former premier Maurice Duplessis to suggest similarities between the two. Arcand was followed with his first dramatic feature, a sibilant story of greed and violence titled *Le Masoche Gâte* (The Damned Loaf). Although it failed at the box office, it was critical favor at Cannes in 1972.

Wegrip Arcand made a stronger impact the next year with *Réjeanne Fortune*, his deadpan drama about greed and vulgarism in high society. The inspiration for the film came from strangely disparate sources. Arcand borrowed the basic plot from a historical account of the French emperor拿破崙's murder of his wife. The description of Quebec politics provided the setting, while living Quebec Dopplegängers. Arcand had been fascinated with a Union Nationale candidate who had bluffed his Réjeanne

Conversations with sexual gluttons

SPECIAL REPORT

THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE
Directed by Denis Arcand

The title is deceptive. The *Decline of the American Empire* consists of personal confessions, not political testament. And its characters spend far more time discussing the pleasures of sex than worrying about the fate of civilization.

But the subject of this extraordinary film by Montreal director Denis Arcand is, in fact, deception itself—the layers of what we think that add up to security. Most of the time, *Decline* is a comic comedy of manners about the joys and hazards of sexual adventure. But by the end, it erupts into an emotional drama of surprising depth—and a disturbing comment on the human condition.

Sexualism The story concerns four men and four women who have arranged a dinner party in the country. The men, all history professors, spend the afternoon preparing a gourmet feast at a luxurious tableaux setting, while their female companions, who will join them later, exercise together in an airless athletic complex. It is a graphic tale of reversal. The men work on the meal, recruited by intense beauty; the women work on their bodies. Beams and strutting strut until finally, after a series of comical landings of concrete and artificial turf. Sadly segregated, members of both groups exchange giddy accounts of their various exploits.

Betty (Sherry Glirard), the only man with a long, enduring marriage, is the most needless philanderer. For her, the highest form of infidelity is visiting a brothel on the way to see his mistress. His wide-eyed wife, Louise (Dorothy Berryman), looks to her frenetic friends discuss their affairs, measure that sexual involve her jaded and promiscuous husband. And the septuagenarian Pierre (Pierre Corriveau) practices serial monogamy, treating both love and sex as permissible.

The character of Dominique (Dominique Michel), a sardonic author, is the most intellectual of all the women. When the characters are invited at the dinner party, she impulsively voices a revelation that abruptly shortens the group's harmony. And at key moments, her pronouncements highlight the like-like a Greek chorus. "Our society's frantic desire for individual happiness," she declares, "may well be his-

torically linked to the decline of the American empire."

Decline bristles with ideas on subjects ranging from Marfan to premenstrual syndrome. But much of the discourse, and the comedy, centres on the raw dynamics of alienated sex. Early in the film, kneading dough for the fish served in pastry, Claude (Yves Jauquelin), a hamosexual, describes a dangerous world of unmet sexual one-night stands. In the locker room, Diane (Louise Portal) confesses a taste for masochism. Her lover is a leather-clad stranger, portrayed by the director's brother, Gabriel Arcand. His lurking penetrations—during sex and dinner—is a dual counterpart to the other men. Soya (Suzanne Gobéil): "They spent all afternoon discussing sex. I expected an orgy. Instead, the big thrill is a fish pie."

Sexual Unlike most movies that deal with sex, *Decline* concentrates on discussing rather than depicting the act. It is almost exclusively devoted to dialogue. But Arcand has inserted the conversations with the formal elegance of a symphony, and each frame is rich with movement. In the kitchen, raw eggs clipping into a Cormier panettiere. Pierre's views on passion. In the locker room, the women tease their uniforms with the slow-dancing rhythms of *Norval Morrisseau*. Later, after the party turns sour, images of the death-grey lake at dawn slice through the final scenes with chilling effect.

On face value, Arcand's outlook seems extremely barren. His characters represent an intelligentsia that has traded its ideals and visions for a lifestyle of instant gratification. Although he uses the group's cynicism to paint a caustic portrait of Western culture, Arcand still elicits a deep sympathy for his characters. And despite the gravity of the ending, the film's overall effect is uplifting.

Decline achieves a rare combination of urbane intimacy and wit. It marries the best of both the American and European film-making traditions. However, while it strikes a universal chord, Arcand's film is unmistakably Québécois in its sensibility—bogged but introspective, reinvigorated but grand. *Decline* easily ranks as one of the finest Canadian movies ever made. Even by international standards, it qualifies as a masterpiece.



Arcand, Michel, Savoie, Glirard, Berryman, Louise; Claude; Yves Jauquelin (below); Billie



—BRIAN D. JOHNSON

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MAY 2000



Gibbs, Gibson, Brooks in the face of poverty, with humor and respite (Photo)

SITTING IN LIMBO
Directed by John N. Smith

Like its highly successful predecessor, *99 Lays*, the National Film Board's *Sitting in Limbo* features mostly amateur actors inReporting roles that occasionally mirror their own lives. It is a tragicomic comedy about two often unengaged Dartmoor residents. Montreal-born Dartmoor is as realistic as it gets. It is hard to know whether to credit the actors or screenwriters David Wilson and John N. Smith. Director Smith has created Canada's first fictional feature about black life in that country—but his greater triumph is that *Limbo* is a warm, stirring, convincing film.

Pat (Patricia Ellis), an 18-year-old West Indian woman who shares an apartment with two girlfriends and their babies. The apartment is all beds and squeaking infants. Then, Pat discovers that she is too pregnant. When Gibson (Julian Gibbs), lovable but incurably irresponsible, learns that he's the father, he rents a shabby apartment. There, without a scrap of furniture, the loveseat sits out a new life.

Wistfully, *Limbo* stays away from pathos, transmogrifying the bleak situations of its protagonists with plenty of laughs and respite. Once. After Gibson loads a warehouse job—when actor Gibbs actually worked—he decides he is entitled to a new car. Full of bravado and virtuous pretense, he struts into an unscrupulous showroom and demands payment terms on a \$10,000 car.

The robbery is carefully planned but poorly executed. An unexpected shootout leaves another gangster lying trapped under a stack of boxes in the basement. Later, at the "recovered" warehouse, as an abandoned warehouse, he refuses to come out. There is a long, late-night vigil of frenzied moves as the three try to force him out. Meanwhile, the impetuous official, pacing in

his government office, means to break the stalemate.

With stark images and sparse dialogue, Montreal director Yves Simoneau skilfully builds a sense of claustrophobic tension. Each of the characters is trapped in a particular way, clinging to the desperate illusion of being in personal control—the "Intricate power" referred to in the title. Although the plot lacks the high-octane energy of a conventional thriller, it is quietly compelling. And the accompanying suspense is offset by a measured understanding of irony, reflected in the absurd. Balancing seriousness with psychological intricacy, *Limbo* retains elements with subtle power.

—BRIAN D. JOHNSON

ANNIE THISTLETON
Directed by Lea Pool

Q uietly, Lea Pool is quietly proving herself to be a filmmaker of sensitivity and substance. In her first feature, 1980's *Le Pouvoir de l'âme* (*A Woman in Transit*), Pool masterfully documented the interplay of two women's emotions. Pool's loosely autobiographical second film is a delicate coming-of-age story about Anne (Alison Gorrie), a Jewish Swiss woman in her early 30s who is estranged by the death of her father. Anne has found in the Israeli desert, with her mother, a lonely mother and boyfriend, a new life in Quebec, a pristine landscape where surreal batikons of snowwhites pass in the winter night.

A frustrated artist, Anne dreams of painting herself off her psychological demons and regaining the inspiration to paint. In Montreal she finds a estranged father in Simon (Shavit Galgano), a Jewish restaurateur who feeds her loneliness and pays the rent on her industrial-size loft. She also befriends Alice (Louise Marleau), a motherly child psychiatrist. But the stiff-asosis Anne obsessively paints and repaints the walls of her loft in conflicting designs and colors, matching her shifting moods. Meanwhile, her affection for Alice grows to a fierce erotic attachment. But then her boyfriend arrives from Europe.

In confronting him, Anne has to face her own changing psyche. Anne Thistleton is a quiet and self-assured, but she is also perceptive and tender. And many will recognize their own internal struggles in Anne's psychological journey.

—G.P.

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New Chatelaine Wallet has 5 handy pockets, folds to just 3½" x 5"

For two weeks last month Winnipeg singer Shelly MacKinnon, 38, replaced Jean Cooper in the role of Kay Gosselot on the daytime drama *The Young and the Restless*. It was a smooth transition, MacKinnon said, and that "they don't always time it right to do much rehearsing. Some guy comes over, taps you on the shoulder, and says, 'By the way, I'm your son.'" MacKinnon says that she got her first big break in 1983 when Bob Crosby hired her as a dancer on his TV show—and that before she took the job, "The Maestro checked me out. I guess I was okay because the next thing I knew I was in Hollywood."

Five years ago Sally Quinn quit her job as a *Washington Post* reporter to write a novel. Last month *Reign of Gulu*, a story of supper parties and sexual affairs set in Washington that Quinn describes as "a comedy of manners," finally appeared. Some critics have been harsh. Said The Washington Women magazine: "The only settings described are the places you found on Georgetown dinner tables." But Quinn, 45, defended: "Personal, vindictive reviews do increase people's curiosity, and that could help sell the book." Asked whether it will provoke gossiping about the real people—when the characters are real, Quinn said: "I hope so. I want people to be talking and screaming." But she added, "The only real names in it are restaurants."

During their 18-year partnership, Daryl Hall and John Oates sold more than 40 million records, making them the best-selling pop duo in history. But 36-year-old Hall says that the re-



Fawcett (above); Hall (left); Burton; lucky drinks



lease of his new solo album, *Three Hearts in the Happy Ending Machine*, signals his attempt to establish himself as a solo performer. A single from *Hearts* is climbing up the charts, and disc jockeys, evidently intrigued by the album's title, are giving it a lot of play. Said Hall: "Two hearts sound very easy, but three hearts have a lot more tension." Hall added that the writers had the result of a string of hookbreaks. He declared, "I almost called it *Happy Accidents*."

A combination of European novel-reading and jet lag inspired the idea for his first-and last-work of adult fiction, whose title Bertolt Brecht describes as "a unusual role playing," was published last year under a pseudonym, Lisa Kavalak—a name that he says "I just made up." Now it has been produced as a five-part radio drama with a script by Brecht's

close friend Walter Slezak, and it is scheduled to air on Oct. 6. On Oct. 18, Berlin said that the literary magazine *Quill & Quire* gave *Mariquita* "a rousing" and that it got "extraordinarily good reviews" elsewhere until he revealed his authorship. Then, he said, "Everybody attacked it."

As one of Cherub's Angels on the 1976-1981 ABC TV series, Farrah Fawcett enjoyed instant celebrity. But she later shed her glamourous image to play a battered wife in the 1984 TV movie *The Burning Bed*. She has since made a specialty of playing tough, resourceful women in her new movie, *Entertainer*, she plays a rape victim who turns on her attacker, and this fall will play a hooker—Ronda Mayfield—in an ABC TV movie. Fawcett, 36, was told an interviewer, "I became famous before I had a craft." Casting directors apparently feel that she is a quick study.

Unique among TV game shows, Jeopardy requires contestants to pose their answers. Apparently it is a work the original show, with host Art Fleming, ran from 1964 to 1975, and that began its third season, rated as TV's second-most popular syndicated show (after another game show, *Show of Fortune*). Declined Jeopardy's producer-host, Stanley Guttenberg, 58, "I like seeing bright people rewarded for being bright." An 11-year veteran of game shows, Trebek said that at first he regarded hosting them as "merely an avenue through which I could break into show business." Now, he said, "I have no time to do anything else." But he added, "I would like to marry Linda Evans," the star of *Dynasty*.

—Based by MARY McIVER

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ANDRÉ TURPALT: opulence and the clash between freedom and societal stability

OPERA

Voices out of Utopia

A world premiere and an all-Canadian production, the performance was a fitting tribute to 1988, the International Year of Canadian Music. Kingston, Ont., composer Irvin Ashby's opera *Whistrop* received its first performance on Sept. 6 in Kitchener, Ont. Although it is set in a futuristic, totalitarian England and New England, the opera mostly speaks the language of memory, desire, and longing. Artfully produced by cbc Radio and the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony Orchestra, the full-length opera for over 100 musicians featured six solists, two choirs and the symphony, conducted by Rolf Armstrong. Although the judges did not allow for sets and costumes for the massive single performance at Kitchener's Centre in the Square, the evening was a stellar episode in Canadian contemporary music. Accessible and intelligent, the opera will be broadcast as part of the cbc's 30th anniversary celebration on the cbc Stereo network on Sept. 14 at 9 p.m. (9:30 in Newfoundland).

Ashby's opera is an innovative, multidimensional study of a man trying to terms with the enormous difficulties of wielding power. Three different singers—tenor Glyn Rhys, bassoon Theodore Boag and baritone Graeme Kalafurrow—portray Whistrop in youth, maturity and old age. In some scenes two or more "Whistrops" engage in a sparring dialogue across the years. While its setting is historical, its underlying themes of freedom and social stability make *Whistrop* unusually relevant opera.

—PAMELA YOUNG

TELEVISION

Politicians as cowboys

THE CHAMPIONS
PART III: THE FINAL BATTLE
(CBC, Sept. 18, 8 p.m.)

The forces that shape the course of history are deep, complicated and often not understood until many years have passed. That is the third and final instalment of *The Champs*. Filmmaker Donald Brittain nicely reduces Canadian politics between 1976 and 1986 into a cowboy-style shootout between two charismatic individuals: Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his long-time rival, Quebec Premier René Lévesque. Brittain's fast-paced assembly of archival footage and interviews with former politicians and their aides make a splendidly entertaining summary of such events as the 1980 referendum on Quebec's independence. But Canada's survival as a unified country depends less on blind chance and the personalities of two leaders than British suggests. As political analysis, *Champs*, Part III is unconvincing.

The film, which picks up where the 1981 two-part series left off, misses the mark in several ways. At times Brittain's attempts to identify the players become maddening. Despite Trudeau's status as a once-trip after losing the 1979 election, Champs displays a maddening shot of a mannequin as Brittain playfully intones, "This is the great Canadian stereotype. And the kind of strength." As well, Brittain did not interview Trudeau or Lévesque instead, Champs features voices of the same stripe—and more bland—players, such as Trudeau aide James Gosse and then-Quebec cabinet minister Claude Martin.

Still, they frequently reveal some interesting behind-the-scenes detail. One of Lévesque's advisers tells how the Quebec cabinet met to decide on the phrasing of the referendum. After hours of debate, the ministers had fallen into a bizarre philosophical squabble over the meaning of the word "question." But Brittain's principal achievement is to convey a sense of anger about a critical period. Champs does not explain why Trudeau's actions almost destroyed, but it dramatically shows how

—JOHN HEDRICK

BOOKS

Power's profitable grip

**CONTROLLING INTEREST:
WHO OWNS CANADA?**

By Diane French
(Macmillan of Canada, 248 pages,
\$19.95)

gives, is the opportunity for abuse—including the power of cartels to manipulate both artificially high prices and tax loopholes that make it easier to inherit wealth than to create it.

French claims that Ottawa's failed efforts in the past to address the issue of entrenched economic concentration

are "a black hole of Canadian public policy." To dismantle the web of entitlements, attitudes and legislation that props up the system, she recommends a tougher, American-style approach on everything from contract rules to securities law. Although French's book is an awkward hybrid of pop journalism and serious writing, it raises a provocative issue: whether members of the political elite will reform the system—and bring their friends in the corporate world in the process.

—PATRICIA BOYD

Most trailblazing business books of the past 10 years have celebrated the oak of the business tree—a largely unbroken tradition. Ironically venerable and even jaded, they delved into the titillating details of the sexual, political and boardroom lives of the country's major business people. But the mood is changing: now authors are more frequently querying the way business operates. Canadian author of *Business Leaders and the Consequences of Their Actions: Controlling Interest, Who Owns Canada?*, by Toronto Star business writer Diane French, relishes both types of business writing, which is part of the book's problem. But it should appeal to those who like their business news in an anecdotal form and to those interested in weightier issues.

For the first two-thirds of *Controlling Interest*, French sketches in gossip-style SS of Canada's most powerful business dynasties. Some of the material is familiar, especially to readers of her newspaper column. Her portraits include the president, Wissotski, Ratner, Braemar and Thomson and the not-so-well-known Websters, Ingrahams and Somers. But *Controlling Interest* takes on a new dimension in its final third. French gets gate down to what has been built in her previously attacking the concentrated nature of the country's business world—and its harmful impact.

Canada, as French depicts it, is a nation owned, controlled and managed by a small, interconnected network of company owners who rely on a willing government to preserve their power. In the United States only 15 of the 500 companies listed in the Standard & Poor's 500 stock index are dominated by a single large shareholder. By contrast, in 318 of Canada's 400 largest corporations, controlling interest of at least 25 per cent is held by a single family or conglomerate.

France says that the lack of real competition in Canada is a result of Canadians' inherent faith in a government-managed economy. She draws a link between that faith and the fact that one-third of Canadians work either for government, state agencies or Crown corporations. Part of the danger of corporate concentration, she ar-



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Vimy's bloody victory

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By Perry Block

(McGraw-Hill and Stewart, 516 pages, \$21.95)

Nearly 70 years after the famous First World War battle, the name Vimy is losing its magic for most Canadians. Few still look back to the Canadian victory at Vimy Ridge in northern France, and few stirred Bertrand points out in his 250-page book, *Vimy Ridge*, that the Canadian achievement was impressive, though the battle itself was a disaster. Bertrand's analysis, however, is not entirely convincing. He claims that the Canadian achievement that announced the end of the nation's colonial status. In contrasting the technical and human detail of the battle, which took 2,569 Canadian lives, Bertrand has given great drama and importance to that turning point in Canadian history. But he does so at a cost. By focusing loosely on an international conflict, Bertrand frequently obscures the deeper political and tragic irony of the war that sensibly ended the lives of over 85 million young men from 16 countries.

dominated the flat countryside and created a major obstacle for Allied troops. Both British and French tanks had been unable to take the hill, and few expected the Canadian assault to succeed. What did not happen, Bertrand claims, was "a tribute to their courage—great as that was—but to the overpowering precision of the Canadian artillery and the thoroughness of their brilliant general, a former real estate developer from Victoria, B.C., Arthur Currie."

In his book's most affectionate part, Bertrand writes that Currie bore little resemblance to a general. The

Certainly, the capture of the ridge was a stunning feat. According to Ben-

like a gigantic pear." But he also had a razor-sharp mind and was guided by the traditions and prejudices of the British officer class. Britain credits Cornwall's detailed preparations before Wagram with saving thousands of lives and points out that his unique approach of informing all his troops of the details of an attack had the "inci-

self-building effect of making such men feel that he was trusted. Equally innovative was his chief artillery officer, former McGill university scientist Andrew McNaughton, who fine-tuned the Canadian guns to unprecedented standards of accuracy—an absolute necessity in order to silence the German batteries long enough for the Canadian infantry to advance.

Berian makes much of those and similar innovations. He also praises the easy, democratic relations that prevailed between the Canadian officers and their men. He contrasts them with the class-bound British system, which he says frequently led to confusion and

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ously to a single, haunting image—the silent, prodigious moments before the attack, 30,000 Canadians fixed bayonets." The sound of the loose-locking bayonets," Berzon writes, "clipping along the miles of trenches, was like the humming of a thousand sawing engines." Then followed "the greatest artillery barrage in the history of warfare." In a mere 90 minutes, six million shells fell on the Germans, creating enough haze to allow the advancing Canadians to achieve the first significant Allied victory of the war.

In the last pages of *Fling*, Bertrand sees how the battle generated deep feelings of nationalism in Canada, feelings he sees as pride that lights his book. Such feelings are blamed, but Bertrand's excessive trust in them seems dangerously close at times to the dogma that ignites international tensions. He does admit that whatever the First World War brought Canada, the sense of nationalism that grew out was not at first, his unconvincing argument, and his compelling association with the heroism of the title, frequently overshadowed the real lesson of the war that all that action and investment was in the cause of a vital neighbour.

— 10 —

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MUSIC

Upbeat sounds for francophone blues

Faced with two telephone cut-offs and two visitors at the door one afternoon last week, Moses Kazembe chose to ignore them all and slumped into his chair. Three hours before the live antibiotic launch of *MusicPlus*, the new French-language version of his MuchMusic rock music TV network, network president Kazembe appeared calm. But amid the swarming cluster of the *MusicPlus* shareholders' office in downtown Mississauga, he said, "Perhaps I am only relieved because I know that if anything is wrong with our plan at this point, we are simply not alone." After a year's research and testing, *MusicPlus*, featuring entertainment by such performers as The Box and Michel Boivin, *Zouzou*, etc., was in a more expansive mood. "We are going to make it," he declared. "There is a motherload of talent here for us to keep building on." The industry is helping the launch of Canada's first francophone rock video network, currently available only in Quebec, as a cause of the province's ailing pop industry. But whether it can help is an open question.

Canada's once-thriving French-language music scene is really fighting to recover from its worst crisis in two decades, a slump reflected in the statistics. A study conducted for the federal Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) last December showed that the number of French-language albums released in Canada dropped to 48 last year from a high of 155 in 1979. The influential Quebec performers' group, *Association du disque et du spectacle québécois* (ADSQ), which acts as a watchdog for the province's music interests, says that the number of singer-songwriter entries in its annual awards competition dropped to 18 in 1985 from 60 in 1979. As well, it estimates that at their peak in 1975 French-language records accounted for half of the albums sold in the province. By last year that figure had shrunk to only 10 per cent.

Angry artists have blamed disc jockey stations at Quebec's French-language radio stations, who convinced the CRTC to require the percentage of French-language music that they are required to play. Last December the CRTC dropped the quota on a two-year experimental basis from 30 per cent French-language music to 25 per cent for selected stations. Malcolm Scott, general manager of the popular rock station *CKOI*, defended that action. Says Scott, "There is very little new music worth playing. And guides older because country sides pretty quickly if you play them too often."

Anger at the CRTC's decision has led to a market in winning jazz across Canada with its records, which are entirely in English. And Franco-Quebecian singer Daniel Lavoie has just recorded his first all-English album, due for a November release. Meanwhile, other stars of Quebec's pop explosion are finding their offices in the European market. Legendary rocker Robert Charlebois and singer Diane Tell, Diane Dufresne and Fabrice Thibault now maintain residences in Paris and Charlevoix. "The market is at least 10 times as big in France, and there are greater possibilities. You cannot conquer the country without going and living there."

Resumes of scale are a major frustration. Board company executives say that the cost of producing an album with top-quality sound costs as much as \$800,000. But for a record to make a profit in the small Quebec market, it generally has to be produced for less than \$50,000. Eric Brade is program director of the English-language album-oriented rock station *CKOI*, which, like *MusicPlus* and *MontrealPlus*, is owned by *Music Ltd.*, the Toronto-based radio and TV conglomerate. Said Brade, "We are actually out French-Quebec music for airplay. If the record sounds as though it were produced in a garage, you obviously cannot put it on the air."

Still, there are signs that the state of the Quebec pop industry is becoming more upbeat. Last year, to stimulate French-language music, six Quebec radio stations established the conglomeration *Musicaction*. With assets now worth \$1.5 million, especially in federal grants over the next five years, it will seek to expand many pop acts. *Musicaction* recording contracts. Declared Scott, *Musicaction*'s current president: "Instead of everyone biting and nipping, we are finally dealing with the problem." Now the industry is gearing that Musi-



Scans from *MusicPlus*' March 'There is a motherload of talent here'

quebec will play its part. Said Azouz director general Yves Bergeron: "Anything that will give one people more exposure in such lean times is very sorely needed."

For new *ManagerPlus*' contribution a modest four hours of daily programming, which will be repeated once a day. Some 200 Canadian companies already carry *ManagerPlus*, while available, while others will run it as a separate service. Besides the *ManagerPlus* library contains only 180 French-language videos from both France and Quebec; the CRTC requires it to play only three per cent French material, except for the next two years, until its library expands. The service offers all-French commentary by its three "newspaper" or video jockeys, Marc Carpenter, Catherine Vachon and Sophie Tessier, which soon minus class will add to the overwhelming predominance of English music. Says Quebec Communications Minister Richard French: "What we really had is a full-time, full-service network. What we have here is the new branch plant of a *Le Droit*-style head office."

For their part, most industry executives say that any exposure for bilingual francophone performers is a positive development. Stylist new violinist by Quebec, 25-year-old Marie-Claire St-Pierre, 18, has been playing a steady beat at *ManagerPlus*' launch party last week, and both will be on the network's play list. With 850 million in start-up costs and 15 full-time employees in the Montreal offices, *ManagerPlus* also offers regular news reports on local industry happenings and live performance specials. Building on a base of the 150,000 Quebec subscribers already signed up to the *MusicMusic* network, Zanower says that he hopes to quickly add 100,000 new subscribers and turn *ManagerPlus* into a full-time, separate network.

Zanower grew up in Montreal and counts French among the five languages he speaks. Clearly proud of his network's arrival in his native province, he declared: "We are saying to people in Quebec that now you can listen to music and people talking about issues in your language. How can you be bad there?" Other observers say that the arrival of the rock station is another positive, yet negative—simply inevitable. Said Le Deneu's Petrucci: "Ultimately, the entertainment business is about giving people what they are asking for." And now Zanower, godfather of Quebec's rock video networks, is offering an answer—in both languages.

—ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH in Montreal

DANCE

Masters of fire and ice

Erotic and innovative, their debut was the sensation of the 1992 Winter Olympics. The dramatic Joyce Terrell, firewood an insurance agent and her fire-breath acrobatic partner, Christopher Dean, caused the world with their impassioned, highly individualistic interpretations of Ravel's fiery Boléro. That performance in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, was the English couple's career perfect score of 40 from all six judges. And when they toured professional late that year, audiences packed arenas around the globe to see the natives of Nottingham elevate a feu-follet sport into the realm of high art. Last week Terrell and Dean, with 25 opened a 31-

plexes, such as the flowing ballerina duet *Encore*, demonstrated the depth of their remarkable talents. Although some skating purists maintain that Terrell and Dean have pushed the discipline too far, many had their work as an important breakthrough. Sad former Canadian coach and champion Lorrie Wiggin: "Now that they have broken the rules, other kids are much freer in their choreography."

The frankly sexual intimacy of Terrell and Dean's performance has fired frequent speculation about a romance. Last week Dean would say only that the two are "good Platonic friends." Still, their conflicting elegance is clear in their physical gestures of eff-



Terrell, Dean: Dancing passions with a torch igniting and crackling a whip

city return visit to Canada with an appearance in the Halifax Mardi Gras, and they proved that their passion as the ice burned as fiercely as ever. Declared tourist Barbara Findlay of Victoria, one of the 2,000 fans who joined in an exuberant standing ovation: "They are super! I like them even more now that they have more freedom."

Their 20-hour show reveals its debt to drama—particularly the ensemble performances by the supporting cast of 16 ice dancers, 12 of whom are other Canadians. One poignant composition, *Hell*, features Toronto-born Gary Beaman as a top-hatted devil who gretzes levely while cracking a whip at demons clad in leather and lace. Terrell and Dean themselves orchestrated the performances that brought them fame in the competition circuit, including *Boléro*. But their newer

fiction—and a habit of finishing each other's sentences.

The two skaters agreed that their grueling tour schedule has been exhausting. Terrell skated frequently during rehearsal, while Dean, just recovered from a cold, acknowledged: "It's a very physical show. We were getting real tired." They will follow their Canadian tour with appearances in the United States and Europe, and they are trying to find time to develop new works for their show next spring before launching a break that will involve a return to Canada in 1993. Said Terrell: "We're always looking for something that's never been done before." With steel blades and creative fire, the two artists continue to etch their signatures on ice.

—CECIL WOOD in Victoria



Moore (below): His Reclining Woman, profile, torso and the hills

OBITUARY

Henry Moore's legacy

Alan G. Wilkinson, curator of modern sculpture at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario (AGO), is a leading authority on British sculptor Henry Moore. Moore died, aged 88, last month. Wilkinson, who knew Moore well enough to be his house guest when the latter moved from London last month, has asked Wilkinson, who knew Moore for 29 years, to share his personal remembrances.

I got to know Henry Moore in England in 1969, when I began my master's thesis on his drawings at the University of London. In March of that year I visited the artist at his house, Hertfordshire, and talked with him for an hour. To my delight, he told me to come back and to feel free to go through his files and photographs. Over the next four years I visited him three or four times a month. He would often say in the morning before going off to work in his studio: "Now then, is there anything we need to discuss?" There was a warm, family atmosphere in Henry's house. We would all have tea together, his wife, Irma, his secretary and assistants

After his daughter, Mary, was born in 1966, he did pen-and-ink sketches of Irma saying her Mother and child had always been an important theme for him.

Henry was further with Canada and with the consciousness that his large bronze, *The Archer*, caused when it was installed in front of Toronto's new city hall in 1966. During his visit to the city the following year, he said he was deeply moved that Mayor Philip Cross had persevered, after the city council voted against buying the sculpture, and formed a committee to raise money from private sources. Henry told Irma, "It's heartbreaking to meet a man who would jeopardize his political position for a work of art." Henry was asked if the city could acquire more works. To everyone's amazement, Henry said that something might be worked out. The seed for the future Henry Moore Sculpture Centre was sown.

Around 1969 the director of the Art Gallery of Ontario, Bill Wilkinson, was looking for a source for the new Moore centre. In 1970 I was hired, as the director's words, as "our man in Mach Head"

—bars—the nearest milies to Hughe's lands—in person to Henry to make his donation to the centre comprehensive. Together, we selected 37 drawings and 40 of his marble, small original plaster maquettes, models for larger pieces of sculpture. The collection now includes more than 300 works 121 sculptures, 73 drawings and 300 prints.

Because of his fondness for painting many of his works, Henry has been stereotyped as "the sculptor of the hole." But during his long and prolific career, he painted sculptures and drawings that reflect an extraordinary range of forms, including solid Greek-style reclining female figures of the late 1930s, the tender, at times frightening, drawings of Londoners sleeping or sitting placidly during the Blitz, the 1940s family group sculptures.

For me, one of his greatest contributions to modern sculpture is his poetic interpretation of the female figure as a metaphor for tenderness. He later turned to nature for inspiration: bones, shells and pebbles. I have often heard Canadians comment that Henry's sculptures remind them of the rock formations of Georgian Bay or the Gaspe Peninsula. Like all great artists, Henry Moore changed and enriched the way we perceive the world.

MACLEAN'S BEST SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *A Month of Sundays*, Asimov (4)
- 2 *Bed Stories*, House, Clinton (3)
- 3 *A Perfect Spy*, Le Carre (2)
- 4 *A Bit of Harm*, Golding (2)
- 5 *The Queen's Shadow*, Zadie Smith (2)
- 6 *Wanderlust*, Stewart (1)
- 7 *Portrait of the Swedish*, Stendal (2)
- 8 *FBI Take Manhattan*, Christie (2)
- 9 *Respects*, Greene (2)
- 10 *Last of the Breed*, A. Munro (2)

Non-fiction

- 1 *Fatherhood*, Cosby (2)
- 2 *Fit for Life*, DeMille and DeMille (2)
- 3 *Invitation to a Royal Wedding*, Hall (2)
- 4 *The Rotation Diet*, Kinsella (2)
- 5 *Jeanne Bessette's Big Stories*, Merrell (2)
- 6 *100 Best Companies to Work For in Canada*, Jones, Perry & Lumsden (2)
- 7 *Ford: The Man and the Machine*, Avery (2)
- 8 *Black Hebrews: The Story*, Madian and Davidson (1)
- 9 *Innovation*, Foster (1)
- 10 *Callisto*, Povis, Povis with Belson (1)
- For men for week*

—Compiled by Frances McNeil

Egos in the highest places

By Allan Fotheringham

A man returning from his annual leave transplant as a lonely island can see the future unfolding much more clearly. The crystal ball is no longer covered with mists. The strands on the floor arrange themselves in distinct patterns, revealing a disturbing future. The most ominous portent, of course, is the frightening news that Pierre Elliott Trudeau has announced that he will attend the November gathering of Liberals that is to decide the future of John Turner, the Duke of Windsor of Canadian politics. This is the most breathtaking news since the night Noreen Stevens forgot to tell Bert Stevens something on the pillow.

The Americans are currently working themselves into a lather about renewing the law that restricts a president to two terms in office. It is slightly hilarious, because it was the Republicans who forced through the legislation after their mortal enemy Franklin Delano Roosevelt ran—and won—for the fourth time.

Now who want to repeal the restriction, especially since they have Ronald Reagan in the White House. Reagan, who is already the oldest democratically elected leader in the world, will be 78 at the end of his second term. He thinks the two-term rule should be scrapped—although he claims that he doesn't want any extension to apply to himself.

Well, that's what they all say. Trudeau, who has already come back from the political grass roots, clearly feels himself superior to anything the Liberals have displayed as far. He has never disguised his distaste for Turner, and his decision to show up at the November session, after his long spell in silence, can only add to the speculation and embarrass his successor, who is not exactly being overwhelmed with complete party loyalty and affection.

You will have noticed that Senator

Kenneth Dewey, who is publishing a book this fall testifying to the Trudeau greatness, said the other day that he didn't think Turner was cut of the weeds yet as to leadership doubts. (This comes at a time, interestingly, when the unfortunate Turner has had the Grin at the top of the polls for six successive months.) What does a guy have to do?

As well, you will have noticed, of course, that Tom Axworthy, the Trudeophile who was principal secretary in the Prime Minister's Office, has just left his perch at Harvard, the

smith because he felt only he could lead America. He was wrong: Harry Truman did quite all right.

Margie Thatcher is dragging her Conservatives down with her, but that's all right in her eyes; she is correct and everyone else is wrong. John Turner maintains that he is sincerely meant. If when he quit the cabinet and politics for good because his ego could not abide the Trudeau ego—the PM insulting him by offering him a judgeship or the Senate. But somehow he is back in the fight—not for money, not because of the overwhelming loss

from his supporters who are now barking and biling about him but because his ego told him he was the best man among all others available for the job.

John Christie, who has developed a remarkable ego lately for a self-admitted little guy from Shawinigan, of course does not agree. The success of his book has convinced him, as it convinced Leo Frazee, that he is the tribune of the people.

Lake Iamoca in the Democratic presidential race, while he keeps looking for a "super-tanzen" draft ground need, while shyly looking the other way. Meanwhile, Paul Martin Jr., a nice guy, is perceived as having not quite enough ego to come out and go for it.

So the Liberals are aiming just like the old Conservatives, who could never achieve a balance in ego. John Diefenbaker had about 12 bushels too much of it, and Robert Stanfield was faulted for not having enough, and Joe Clark usually worried about his, and now, in his turn, Brian Mulroney is overwhelmed with it.

Trudeau, who regards Christie as a charming lightweight and who thinks Turner doesn't have the right stuff, sank his party because his ego allowed him to hang on too long, and now the same ego, insatiable, is encouraging his supporters to ponder his once again—remarkably fit and clear of mind—as the solution to their alleged ills. You will recall that he described his first ascension to power as "almost a joke."

house of all exile Liberals, to take a new post with a Bronxman think tank in Montreal, cheerfully situated to keep in touch with the Liberal revival in Quebec. And Miss Jenny Gates is still in Toronto, with a Trudeau light still in his window.

One after another, over and over, they all say that they don't really want to come back, that they are only doing it "for the good of the party" and because they cannot honestly refuse the request of their supporters. What they are actually talking is ego—the main reason why any man wants to lead other men.

Ego always motivates. Winston Churchill, whom most everyone else in British politics had dismissed him as a has-been and a party switcher, until the country decided his other qualities would compensate for his self-esteem. Franklin D. Roosevelt, crippled with polio and his failing health a closely guarded secret, sought that fourth term that ended so quickly with his



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